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A BALLAD OF MEMORIE.

NAE mair, alas! nae mair I'll see
 Young mornin's gowden hair
 Spread ower the lift — the dawnin' sheen
 O' simmer mornin' fair!
 Nae mair the heathery knowe I'll speel,
 An' see the sunbeams glancin',
 Like fire-flaucht, ower the loch's lane breast,
 Ower whilk the breeze is dancin'.

Nae mair I'll wanner ower the braes,
 Or thro' the birken shaw,
 An, pu' the wild-wud flowers amang
 Thy lanely glens, Roseha!
 How white the haw, how red the rose,
 How blue the hy'cynth bell,
 Whaur fairy thim'les woo the bees
 In Tenach's brecken dell!

Nae mair when hinnysuckle hings
 His garlands on the trees,
 And hinny breath o' heather bells
 Comes glaffin' on the breeze;
 Nor whan the burstin' birken buds,
 And sweetly scented brier,
 Gie oot their sweets, nae power they ha'e
 My dowie heart to cheer.

Nae mair I'll hear the cushie-doo,
 Wi' voice o' tender wailin',
 Fout out her plaint, nor laverock's sang,
 Up 'mang the white clouds sailin':
 The lappin' waves that kiss the shore
 The music o' the streams,
 The roarin' o' the linn nae mair
 I'll hear but in my dreams.

When a' the house are gane to sleep
 I sit my leafu' lane,
 An' muse till fancy streaks her wing,
 An' I am young again.
 Again I wanner thro' the wuds,
 Again I seem to sing
 Some waefu' auld-world ballant strain,
 Till a' the echoes ring.

Again the snaw-white howlit's wing
 Out ower my heid is flappin',
 When frae her nest 'mang Calder Craig
 I fley't her wi' my daffin;
 An' keekin in the mavis' nest,
 O' naked scuddies fu',
 I feed wi' moolins out my pouch
 Ilk gapin' hungry mou'.

Again I wanner ower the lea,
 An' pu' the gowans fine;
 Again I paidle in the burn,
 But, oh! it's lang-sin-syne!
 Again your faces blythe I see,
 Your gladsome voices hear —
 Frien's o' my youth — a' gane, a' gane!
 An' I sit blinlins here.

The star o' memory lichts the past;
 But there's a licht abune,
 To cheer the darkness o' a life
 That maun be endit sune.

An' aft I think the gowden morn,
 The purple gloamin' fa',
 Will shine as bricht, an' fa' as saft,
 Whan I hae gane awa'.
 Good Words. JANET HAMILTON.

A SECRET.

I TOLD my secret to the sweet wild roses,
 Heavy with dew, new-waking in the morn,
 And they had breathed it to a thousand others,
 Before another day was slowly born.
 "Oh, fickle roses!" said I, "you shall perish!"
 So plucked them for my lady sweet to wear,
 In the pure silence of her maiden bosom,
 The curled luxuriance of her chestnut hair.

I told the secret to a bird new building
 Her nest at peace within the spreading tree;
 And e'er her children had begun to chatter
 She told it o'er and o'er right joyously.
 "Oh, traitor bird!" I whispered, "stay thy
 singing,
 Thou dost not know, there in thy nest above,
 That secrets are not made to tell to others,
 That silence is the birthright of true love!"

I told the secret to my love, my lady,
 She held it closely to her darling breast!
 Then as I clasped her, came a tiny whisper:
 "The birds and flowers told me all the rest,
 Nor shouldst thou chide them that they spake
 the secret —
 The whole world is a chord of love divine,
 And birds and flowers but fulfil their mission,
 In telling secrets, sweet as mine and thine!"
 All the Year Round.

TO WORDSWORTH.

POET, whose footsteps trod the mystic ways
 That lead through common things to Nature's shrine;
 Whose heart throbb'd rhythmic to the heart
 divine
 That bird, flower, forest, stream, and mountain
 sways;
 We, whose rapt sense thy lyre's full fervors
 raise
 From lowliest themes to absolute harmonies,
 Mourn that its sturdier strain unechoed dies,
 Quenched by the lute's sweet plaint and languorous lays.
 Oh! if by Rydal's laurels and the rills
 That rush to Rotha down, in Grasmere Vale,
 Thy pure ghost linger, or on Esthwaite's
 strand;
 Speed, on the pinions of some healthful gale,
 Balmy with breath from thine own Cumbrian
 hills,
 To sweep the soft Sirocco from the land.
 HERBERT B. GARROD.
 January 29th. Spectator.

From The Fortnightly Review.
THE GUIDE OF ISLAM.

WHO and what is the Mahdi? is a question to which no very detailed answer has been given by the English press since the figure of this "Moslem Messiah" became so suddenly prominent in the political arena through his triumph over the ill-fated army of Hicks Pasha; yet, in order justly to estimate the character and extent of the influence which such a personage may exert in the East, it is surely important clearly to understand the origin of the idea which he represents and the nature of its reception by the Moslem world. The accounts which have been given by newspaper correspondents, and which seem to have been gathered somewhat hastily by oral information, have been imperfect and contradictory; but this is not altogether due to the imperfect understanding of the subject by the questioner or to untrustworthy replies from the Moslem informant, for the number of distinct and apparently conflicting traditions which exist, both in Arab literature and in oral tradition, concerning the expected prophet, is sufficiently great to puzzle, at first, even a very diligent student of the subject. It is not until the true meaning and origin of these legends is understood, and their derivation from the ancient Iranian mythology has been traced, that the real harmony of expressions apparently irreconcilable becomes clearly comprehensible.

First, it is remarkable that the Mahdi, or "guide," whose figure has become so important in Moslem lands, and so familiar even in the Christian West, is never mentioned in the Korân at all; and although the references to the last judgment in the Suras are numerous and detailed, the eschatology of Islam, and especially the expectations of a time of trouble and of a future prophet, are much later developments of the faith mentioned by commentators and esoteric students who lived in times when the first force and energy of the great wave of Arab conquest had died out, and the expectation of universal power had been disappointed. It is, on the other hand, a mistake to suppose that the dogmas connected with the coming of

the Mahdi are of Shiah origin, and not accepted by the Sunni sects. The coming again of the twelfth imam, who was an historic personage named El Mohdi, and who died or disappeared in the cave near Baghdad in the ninth century A.D., is indeed an important Shiah belief; but the idea of the imam, a divine incarnation, is distinct from and opposed to the Sunni conception of a predicted "guide" or Mahdi, who is to be a mortal messenger of God, whose coming was foretold, according to the tradition, by Muhammad himself. This distinction it is most important to keep clearly in view. The Shiahs of Persia represent a population of some fifteen million; the four great Sunni sects together include a total of one hundred and forty-five million souls; and it is to the immense majority of the true believers, and not to the small minority of the Persian schismatics, that the Soudâni prophet consequently appeals. Impartial writers are accustomed generally to assume, first, that the Moslem creed is a very pure and elevated monotheistic faith; secondly, that the Moslem world contrasts with the West in the profoundly religious character of its society, including every class; thirdly, that a fanaticism resting solely on religious conviction is to be recognized among all Moslems, and forms a very dangerous element of Oriental politics; fourthly, that a religious sympathy exists between the faithful in all lands which may render the triumph of Islam in western Asia a most disastrous circumstance for England in India.

As regards these beliefs I would urge that, after residing for six years in Moslem lands, after studying the religious question with special care among the peasantry, among the upper classes, and among the ruling caste, and after reading the most generally accepted authorities, I have gradually become convinced, first, that there is no Moslem nation in existence among whom the faith exists untinged by traces of earlier and lower forms of superstition, and that even in the Korân itself the survival and sanction of such superstition is plainly discernible in spite of much that is noble and spiritual in thought and language. Secondly, that

Moslem lands present a spectacle from a religious point of view very closely parallel to that which is usual in the Christian West, and that while there is much real piety and morality among the respectable classes, and much cynical disregard of principle among the ruling and worldly ranks, there is among the Moslem peasantry an indifference to religious dogma and a survival of pagan superstition which exceeds the prejudice and the indifference of the lower classes at home as much as the ignorance and brutality of the fellah exceeds the condition of our English peasantry. Thirdly, as regards the fanatical spirit, it is important to recognize that massacre and outrage have never arisen in Moslem lands from the mere prompting of religious belief. The political agitator in all lands has found it possible to stir up and direct for his own purposes the fierce and untutored passions of the ignorant and impatient, but where such incitement has not occurred the Moslem lives at peace with the Christian, and the spirit of fanaticism sleeps or is kept in restraint by the ordinary deterrent considerations which are afforded by law and social order. Fourthly, as regards the unity of Islam, no observer who has dwelt among Moslems, who has been able to witness the behavior of Indian Moslem soldiers to the Egyptian Moslem fellahin, or who has studied the history of Moslem sects, can long remain in ignorance of the fact that the name of Islam covers differences of belief and of interest as wide and deep as those which separate the Armenian from the Roman Catholic, or the Copt from the Nonconformist.

Such views do not arise from cynical disbelief in religious sincerity, but from careful study of the Korân and from much conversation with Moslems of all grades; and experience has led more than one observer to appreciate clearly that Englishmen as a rule over-estimate both the purity and sublimity of the Moslem faith on the one hand, and the civilization and intelligence of the Moslem world on the other. We have to deal with a creed which was formulated by men little advanced beyond the condition of the savage, and with a population utterly deficient

in education and in power of thought. If, then, we endeavor to treat such beliefs and such races as though they stood equally high in the scale of progress with the educated thought and intelligent social condition of the West, we shall commit a mistake hardly less absurd than that which would be at once recognized if a theorist were to propose the introduction of competitive examinations among the Hottentots or the Todas of India.

The mind of the great genius of Arabia was far too fully occupied with the present to allow of his giving an elaborate system of eschatology to his disciples. The end was near, the great day of judgment was at hand, and on this thought he dwells again and again; but the conception of a future time of trouble, when Islam should be oppressed and faith should fail from earth, is not one which could have prevailed in the day of victory, when the energy of the race was raised to its highest pitch by the intoxication of continual victory and the enjoyment of un hoped-for wealth, voluptuous pleasure, and glorious fame. The expectations to which we must now devote our attention are consequently part of a later development of Islam, when the first flush of conquest had faded, and when doubt had arisen and foreign influences invaded the original conceptions of the victorious faith.

The Mahdi, or "guide," as he is called in common Arabic (more correctly the Muhdi or Mohdi), has been wrongly termed the "Messiah of the Moslems;" for the true Messiah, according to Sunni belief, is "our Lord Jesus," whose coming is also among the signs of the last day. He has also been confused by recent writers with the beast and with Ed Dejâl, the false Messiah; but his true character is that of a prophet like Muhammad, and bearing the same name, while his father's name should be 'Abd Allah, his family of the Koreish tribe, and the place of his appearance Arabia. The tradition is referred back to the authority of 'Abdallah Ibn Mas'ûd, and of 'Ali, the Lion of God, but it is not founded on any explicit statement in the Korân. The Soudâni prophet fails, it is true, in many respects to fulfil the traditional expecta-

tions, but at least one saving clause exists which may be quoted in his favor, in the passage wherein Muhammad declares, "God knoweth best whom he will appoint for his messenger" (Sura vi. 124).

The signs of the last days are divided into two categories, and of these the eight lesser may be said to have been nearly all fulfilled when the year 1300 of the Hejira opened and the Mahdi first appeared. The decay of faith, the promotion of mean men to dignity, the rule of slave women over the faithful, tumults and seditions, a war between Islam and the Turks, great distress throughout the earth, and revolt in Irak and Syria are recognized by students of the Sunna as being either already evident or on the brink of fulfilment. Whether the tenth lesser sign be yet fulfilled, and whether Medina now reaches to Yahab, is a detail which may perhaps be known to some of our Arabian explorers.

The greater signs, among which the coming of the Mahdi is reckoned, are seventeen in all, and it must be confessed that some at least among these seem unlikely to be for the present literally fulfilled. The sun must rise in the west; the beast must emerge from the earth near Mecca; the walls of Stamboul must fall by miracle before an invading foe; the Mesih ed Dejâl, or "Lying Anointed One," marked KFR on his forehead, one-eyed, and riding from Irak on an ass, must lay waste the earth. The true Messiah (our Lord Jesus) must appear on the minaret at Damascus, must reign in Jerusalem, and defeat Gog and Magog, and slay Ed Dejâl at the gate of Lydda. A massacre of the Jews, an invasion of Syria by the great giants (Gog and Magog), who are to drink dry the Sea of Galilee, a smoke which shall fill the world, a relapse of Arabia into paganism, the discovery of hid treasures in Euphrates, the destruction of the Kaaba by negroes, beasts and stones speaking with human voices, a fire in Yemen, a man of the sons of Kahtan wielding a rod, and an icy wind from Damascus which shall sweep away the souls of all who have faith as a grain of mustard-seed, and blow to heaven the Korân itself; these are the great wonders

which, together with the coming of the Mahdi, will prepare the way for the tremendous *Yôm ed Dîn*, or final day of judgment.

That some of this imagery is borrowed from the Bible, some of it from rabbinical tradition, and some from Christianity, with which, in its heretical forms, Muhammad was well acquainted, it is impossible to doubt. Other details seem to have a Persian derivation, and this is perhaps most evident in the case of "the beast" who is to rise on Mount Safa and seal the living, to distinguish the faithful from the infidels. No doubt in some respects this expectation reminds us of the Apocalypse of St. John, but the huge monster described by the commentators recalls the righteous three-legged ass who stands in the ocean, according to the Bundahish, and which will show its neck and its enormous ears in the last days, when the evil creation is to be destroyed. The beast, according to the Sunna, will for three days show her head above earth, reaching to heaven itself. The head is that of a bull, with hog's eyes, stag's horns, the ears of the elephant, the neck of the ostrich. The body is striped like that of a tiger, the legs are like a camel's, with the tail of a ram, and the terrible voice of the ass. It will bring with it the rod of Moses and the seal of Solomon, and with the former the pious man will be marked Mûmen on the forehead, and the infidel will be sealed Kâfir with the latter, before the judgment day. The Persian monster is described as "being very righteous," and the beast of Islam will demonstrate the falseness of every other creed, after which it seems that she is once more to sink into the earth, which now rests on her back, after she has assisted the true Messiah in his conflict with the Mesih ed Dejâl.

Such briefly are the orthodox apocalyptic expectations of the Sunni Moslems, and without dwelling further upon them or endeavoring to trace them to their origin, and to explain the apparent absurdities of their symbolism, we may now pass on to inquire how far they are believed by the Moslem world in general.

We must not forget that, as in our own land, so among the Moslems, there are

many grades of education and many divergencies of belief. The vlemma who receive collegiate training in the dogmas of their religion hold views very different from those of the ignorant peasant who lives in a village without a mosque, who can neither read nor write, and indeed can probably not often repeat the Fathah or first Sûra of the Korân. I have endeavored in several publications to show how little removed from the paganism of the times of ignorance are the prayerless Arab tribes of the Syrian desert, the stone and tree-worshipping fellahin of Syria, and the Egyptian peasants, who yet adore the old gods of Khemi under names but little altered, and with attributes easily recognized as derived from those of the companion of Osiris. Such superstitions are condemned, it is true, by the imams and softas, who are better acquainted with the teaching of Muhammad, but the survival of local superstitions is far more general in Arab countries than it is in even the most remote corners of Wales, of Scotland, or of Brittany.

The educated student, that is to say the man who can write, can read the Korân, and recite the principal portions, cannot fail to be aware that intolerance and fanatical hate of the unbeliever were never countenanced by Muhammad. He cannot but recall the words of the Korân, which declare that every nation shall be judged by God from its own book. "Who-so believeth in God and in the last day, and doeth that which is right, upon them shall no fear come, neither shall they be put to shame" (Sura v. 73). Such was the Prophet's judgment with regard to Jews, Christians, and Sabians — those, in fact, to whose sacred literature his own beliefs were so deeply indebted.

Yet in spite of the tolerance of the Korân, and the practice of the early khalifs, it cannot be denied that fanatical feeling is strongest among the educated Moslem classes, although it may perhaps be doubted how far race hatred, and the sense of injury due to foreign oppression, may really account for a sullenness which is generally attributed to a religious hate.

As regards apocalyptic expectations, even among the educated in Islam there is a divergence of opinion perhaps equal to that which is found among ourselves; and among the lower classes the knowledge of the Sunna is far too imperfect and vague to allow of their being considered very deeply impressed with such convictions. The peasantry are as a rule

indifferent to religious doctrine, and far more impressed with the mysterious power of the local saint, at whose shrine they worship with sacrifices and dances, votive offerings of lamps, and fruit, and blossoms, than concerned with the tremendous imagery of the Suras and the traditional literature of the faith. In Syria I have heard the peasantry say openly that they had no hope of deliverance by any Mahdi, and if they are stirred by the news which comes from the Soudan, it is rather because they are interested in an Arab revolt from Turkish tyranny than by reason of any very deep religious convictions as to the fulfilment of the prophecies of the Korân. The orthodox belief in a time of trouble which must precede the triumph of the Mahdi also offers a very convenient excuse for apathy even among the most pious. The appointed time will arrive, and the predestined fate of every soul will be accomplished, say these spiritless fatalists, without any action being necessary on the part of the faithful; and thus while they would flock to the standard of a victorious prophet when he approached sufficiently near, they are content to sit with folded hands so long as the power of the Christian West is evidently in the ascendant.

The danger of the Mahdi's triumph is thus political rather than purely religious, and it is the desperation which arises from the oppression of Arab races by the Turks that we have to fear rather than the fanatical zeal of united Islam. Arabia has long meditated revolt, Syria has long groaned under the rule of fierce Kurdish administrators, and in the army of the Mahdi they perceive a possible nucleus of resistance, by aid of which they may hope to shake off the hated yoke of Turkish authority.

If we may trust the latest news from Syria, it is not merely with the Mahdi that we may have to deal. Secret societies, acting in sympathy with the old party of 'Arâbi, directed, there is only too much reason to fear, by restless spirits who are not Arabs but Europeans (nay, we may even say Englishmen), are plotting in Damascus and elsewhere the ruin of Turkey and the establishment of an Arab khalifate.

It is in the ferment which may thus be created throughout the Levant that the real danger lies, and not in any deep hatred of Englishmen as Christians or of Western civilization as opposed to Islam. It is against an outbreak of the mob on the established system of society, and

against the only existing elements of law and order, that the politician has to guard in treating Oriental questions, no less than in guiding the course of Western government. The Mahdi in the Soudan has personally shown himself tolerant towards Christian missionaries and captives, however brutal his wild Berbers may be in the hour of victory. As far as we are able yet to judge we may have to deal not with a blind fanatic, but with an able and calculating leader, whose warlike capabilities may be equalled by his political foresight. At present we know little, but when he has advanced nearer to civilization his success will mainly depend on the strength and wisdom of his personal character. That he is the ally, if not the nominee, of the slave-traders there is every reason to believe; that he is favorably regarded by the Meccan religious leaders (who have a special interest in slave-trading) seems to be indicated by the reported refusal of the sheriff to denounce the Soudáni as an impostor. It is not impossible that he may yet make his way to the holy city, and set Arabia and Syria in flames before trying his strength against the Assouan fortifications. True, he is not an Arab by birth, and he is of a black hue, which might be thought unacceptable by the Semitic Moslems; but such traditional considerations have very little weight in comparison with the prestige of his victory over an English general; and not only the favorite heroes of Arab legends (Antar, and Zir, and Jandabab), but even Moses himself, according to Moslem tradition, was as black as the Berber Mahdi.

It should also not be forgotten that the traditions relating to the Mahdi represent him sometimes as arising in some remote country and not in Arabia, but that in this case he is expected to march on Mecca, when the blood of Moslems will be shed like water in the streets of the holy city. There is thus a spiritual as well as a practical reason why the Soudáni prophet should attempt to reach Arabia, and the defence of Suakim becomes consequently of primary importance.

In General Gordon we possess a representative who understands the nature of the movement as here indicated, and who knows the Arab and the negro alike. Gordon's success will be England's success; Gordon's failure (but General Gordon does not fail) would be a most serious blow to the prestige of England. All political parties are thus in agreement on this point, that, through thick and thin,

General Gordon must be supported by England.

There remains, however, a class of Moslems for which no parallel can be found in the West, namely that of the derwish orders, to one of which the Mahdi belongs. While 'Arâbi Pasha was lying entrenched at Tell-el-Kebir, the desert slopes around his camp were thronged with these holy men, and their prophecies decided on more than one occasion the movements of the Egyptian troops. The English army at Kassassin unwittingly owed its water-supply to the religious scruples of a respected derwish from Upper Egypt, and Korân-readers were found among the prisoners who fell into our hands after the first engagements. The power of the great derwish societies, and the widely spreading ramifications of their organization, render them of the greatest importance on an occasion when, as in the present case, their members are instructed by an energetic and able chief. The agents who have spread the news of the Mahdi's success in Africa, in Arabia, and even as far as Euphrates, appear to be members of the derwish orders, and the victories of the Mahdi seem in part at least to have been due to the blind devotion of his derwish ghâzis.

The derwish orders are secret societies, with rules of initiation, oaths of obedience, mystic ceremonials and symbols, and all the paraphernalia of organizations which demand unhesitating obedience to the commands of an autocratic chief believed to act by divine inspiration. There are good reasons for supposing (though there is no time now to enter deeply into the question) that the higher grades of initiation gradually lead up to a scepticism such as is known to have distinguished the old Ismâîleh sect in the early days of Islam, but the danger which arises from the action of the derwish orders is all the more serious because the leaders of the societies are influenced by worldly considerations rather than by fanaticism, while they can count with certainty on the devotion of the numerous members of the lower grades whose zeal requires no stimulus beyond a simple order from the sheikh. The Mahdi is said to belong to the Kadriyeh order, which is highly venerated in Egypt, and which preserves many curious pagan superstitions, including the worship of the gigantic shoe of their founder. They are distinguished by white banners, and are said to carry fishing-nets in procession; and with the Málawiyeh and Ahmediyeh they are among

the most powerful of the derwish orders in Egypt and in Syria as well.

Such are the forces arrayed in Africa and Arabia against the *de facto* khalif and against the Western world. It is not easy to calculate the strength of the movement or the limits of its activity, but in many respects the condition of the East is not unlike that which existed when Muhammad's victories became possible, and not unlike that of southern Italy when Garibaldi dared to strike the blow which shattered the Neapolitan kingdom. Were England and France to hold their hand, and content themselves with action limited strictly to the extent of their own interests, it is clearly within the range of probability that Turkey might soon find itself engaged in a desperate struggle with its Arab subjects, and the sultan involved in a rebellion directed against his strongest claim to the khalifate, which consists in the *de facto* argument that he has possession of the two sanctuaries of Mecca and Jerusalem.

The sultan's claims are no doubt in other respects very weak. He is not of the Koreish tribe, and not even of Arab race; but the office of the khalif or "successor" is founded on the old patriarchal system of Arab government, which seeks not a hereditary successor so much as a strong man, and which recognizes the power of the sword, the guardianship of the two Harams, and the possession of the holy relics (the Prophet's cloak and the sword of Omar) as real claims in the pretension of the sultan to the sacred office of prince of the faithful—claims equally strong with the somewhat doubtful nomination of Sultan Selim by the last of the Abbaside family. It is remarkable that the Mahdi's denunciations seem to be directed against the sultan and the Turks rather than against the English or the French, and it must not be forgotten that war with the Turks and the invasion of Mecca by a negro army are among the greater signs of the end which have already been enumerated. It is for this reason that it becomes as vitally important to the sultan as to the khedive himself that Suakim and other harbors on the western shores of the Red Sea should be most carefully guarded, to prevent the possibility of a sudden transfer of the centre of disturbance from the Soudan to the Hefâz.

The question of the effect which the Mahdi's victories may have on the minds of Indian Moslems is one which is considered of importance scarcely inferior to

that of the line of conduct which it may compel us to pursue in Egypt; yet it is little more than a year since we were able to trust our Indian Moslem regiments to fight in our behalf against their co-religionists in Egypt in a war which had been publicly proclaimed as a Jehâd against the infidel. It may perhaps be seen from what has been said above that the supposed religious sympathy of Moslems in different parts of the world, belonging to different races and various sects, and having conflicting interests and very different beliefs, is a sentiment of which the weakness has been proved by the failure of the sultan's pan-Islamic schemes. The Indian Moslems are of the Shafi or broad school, while the Turks are Hanifeh and the Egyptian peasantry Maleki; and not only does this sufficiently broad distinction exist, but the best authorities (as quoted by Barth and by Herklotz) agree that the Moslem faith in India is deeply tinged with Brahminical and Buddhist ideas, which render it distinct as a system from the Islam of the Levant. It has, in fact, more in common with the Shiah tradition than with any Sunni form of orthodoxy, and the irremediable schism between Persia and the Sunni sects is too well known to need more than a passing allusion. The Mahdi will not influence the Persian Moslems, and it is extremely doubtful whether his pretensions will excite any dangerous emotion among our Indian Moslems so long as he is known to be powerless against the strength of England in Egypt. The Indian Moslems, in short, like those of the Levant, are more keenly impressed with veneration for local deities (for such strangely composite figures, for instance, as Buddi ed Dîn) than with the apocalyptic expectations of the Korân literature. Their eyes are turned homewards rather than to the cradle of their faith, and although so large a proportion of the Mecca pilgrims are Indian, the Eastern Moslem is debarred by difference of language, of custom, and of race from any very intimate association with the pilgrims who come from Arab-speaking lands. The fellah in Egypt and the Moslem sower in our Indian army meet as strangers, with sentiments respectively of fear and of contempt, and so do the various races who all profess Islam meet together at Mecca.

It must, however, be confessed that we are confronted by a dilemma due to the victories of the Mahdi in the Soudan which may prove more serious than even that of 1882. It is recognized by many

writers that 'Arâbi carried with him the sympathy of the whole native population of Egypt, yet the triumph of 'Arâbi could not be calmly contemplated by any sober statesman. The elements of stability cannot be expected to be found in the government of Arab lands by a race which has so long been subject to foreign rule as to have lost the very tradition of power, and which fails to produce men of sufficient education and ability for the successful conduct of government. Thus, though the sentiment common among Englishmen in favor of native self-government and against foreign domination may incline us to view with favor the revolt of the Arab race against Turkish corruption and oppression, it must unfortunately be allowed by all who have studied the question on the spot that the elements of stability and order are to be found at present only on the other side, and that the attempt at self-emancipation must entail heavy responsibility on both England and France, if not on other nations.

If we are prepared to substitute for the foreign power of Turkey our own power as protectors, then no doubt we may witness with equanimity the revolt of the Arab and African races from the tyranny of Turkish misrule. We cannot, however, hope that the destruction of the power of the Porte will lead to the establishment of a purer, stronger, and more civilized *régime*, if the material of the governing class is to be sought solely among the barbarous native Moslem classes of Arab birth. Anarchy and bloodshed will be the inevitable fate of the Levantine countries when the present system is overthrown, unless protected States, or governments framed on the principles of that which has made the Lebanon prosperous and free, are substituted by the influence of the European powers immediately interested in the matter.

Prophets have arisen in every country since Islam was first promulgated, and have failed generally to produce any lasting impression; but prophets came and failed before Muhammad succeeded, and if the strong man of genius be again come to Islam, it will require something stronger than the forces at the command of General Gordon and Baker Pasha to stop the course of his triumphant advance. In the derwish organization the Mahdi possesses a power which is of the highest value in spreading a knowledge of his success, and in the slave-trading interest

he has a strength which will win him support along the whole line whereby the African captives are led through Mecca and the Hejâz to the north. It is not then fanaticism and religious pretensions that we have most to fear in the Mahdi, but the very human element of his influence over the wild populations of Africa, Arabia, and Syria. C. R. CONDER.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE BABY'S GRANDMOTHER.

CHAPTER XIX.

(continued.)

THE night was clear when the party sallied forth. "Mild as milk," announced the paternal voice from the front door; and in consequence the speaker did not see fit to do more than bolster himself up in his thick overcoat, and wind his woolen comforter twice round his neck.

"No, no," cried he, as his wife put her hand within Challoner's arm; "no, no — none of that, Poll. 'Fair play's a jewel,' and you and I have had our turn; we must let the young folks have theirs now. Zounds, man, Jem! you didn't think to take the missus, did you? That would have been a pretty sight. No, no; she must put up with the old man, and you go with your own girl there. Lead the way, lassies; come along — come along."

Now what made Mary Tufnell's lover stumble upon another "Come along — come along," in the whirlpool of his recollections at that ill-favored moment? He was trying to keep Overton out of his head, — to banish Overton, drown Overton, bury Overton a thousand leagues deep out of mind and out of memory, — and it seemed as if every single thing that was done and word that was spoken from minute to minute, only served to bring into stronger and more cruel light visions that cut him to the heart. Now, as with his betrothed bride under his charge, he followed the rest of the party up the street, and Mary babbled of this thing and that, well pleased with herself and her escort, enjoying the whole to the top of her bent, and demanding attention and response every minute, one might have thought that here at least was no opportunity for torturing remembrance; and yet as Challoner spoke and listened and obeyed orders and kept up appearances — and he was sufficiently aroused and on the alert to do all this so as to excite no re-

mark from a not over-exacting person — yet even as he did it all, he was living in another scene.

That day week he had stood with Matilda beside the moonlit waves. He felt again the cold salt air upon his cheek, beheld again the foaming ocean and the outline of a face between it and him, — a face that was so near he durst not watch too closely — a face that turned at times its mute sympathetic appeal to his, — lips that were parted to emit soft sighs of wonder and delight, — eyes that shone, reflecting in their own depths the beauty they were gazing upon; and had there not been a bold presumptuous whisper ere he and she had turned to leave the spot, and a silence that gave its own assent? Had there not been —

"Jem, Jem, what *are* you thinking about? Do take more care. You stepped straight into the very worst of the puddle."

The hall reached, everything seemed to promise a great success: the gas flared out lustily, the flags made a gallant show upon the wall, the holly-strings looked as like arches as holly-strings could do; and Herbert met them at the door with the news that scarcely a ticket remained to be disposed of.

"That's the thing, my boy," replied his future father-in-law, slapping him cordially on the shoulder; "that's the thing to stick to. Sell the tickets and never mind the rest. Let the folks come or not; let 'em stay away if they've a mind to; let 'em drop off their chairs if they can't keep awake, — but make 'em pay for their tickets. Once they've paid for their tickets, they may behave themselves as they choose afterwards."

Our party were then ushered to their seats — front seats, but not the front seats of all, because a duke and a duchess were coming "and Lord knows who besides," confided Mr. Tufnell to the uninitiated Challoner; and accordingly, close behind the vacant row of first chairs filed in the next most important people, showing perhaps a little too plainly by their demeanor that in this light they considered themselves.

Emily had of course the post of honor, and the happy Herbert was only too proud to explain to her, leaning over the back of the chairs in front to do so, all his fears, hopes, and surmises. She was not to have him all to herself, however: he had to attend to Mrs. Tufnell's beckoning fan, to assure her that the draught which had found out her rheumatic shoulder would disappear once the room was full and the

doors closed, and beg to be allowed to draw up her fur cloak until that desirable end was accomplished; while even Mary liked to have a word with the young lecturer, who was *the* person for the time, and who did not take it amiss when she declared that the best flower-pots were all on Emily's side.

They were early and had some time to wait, but that did not distress anybody. They had come to be early, to fill the room, to form a basis, as it were, upon which the superstructure was to be built, and their good-humor and obligingness never flagged, needing only Herbert's assurances from time to time that all was going on well, and that he would begin directly the first row of seats should be filled. He was in the act of saying this for the third time, when he had to hop smartly out of the way, to make room for the very people expected: and great was Challoner's relief when these proved to consist only of a couple of elderly dames, a sulky-looking schoolboy whose very collar showed that it had been put on unwillingly, and a demure little girl, more taken up with her curls and her mittens than with any hope of pleasure to be derived from the so-called entertainment; but neither duke nor duchess was there, and it was intimated that they would not be there.

They, at least, would not witness Jem Challoner's position and company, and he was spared the having to be recognized by them and speaking to them, which he had dreaded in spite of himself, and to which every other member of his party had secretly looked forward. Even the head of the family himself — even honest, independent William Tufnell — was not so entirely satisfied as he should have been, on finding that the chairs though vacant had been duly paid for; he had not exactly meant *those* chairs, when he had professed indifference as to their occupation or not, — and though he would not have owned for the world to disappointment, he had undoubtedly lost one of the moments in life for which he was about to pay down his thirty thousand pounds. It was hardly playing him fair, and so he felt it.

The lecture, however, went off famously. Those who wearied did not yawn aloud, those who slept did not snore, and those who did not understand believed they did. The majority kept an eye of encouragement on Mr. Mildmay, who was, as we have said, a general favorite; the rest ticked off their neighbors, and took pat-

terns of head-dresses, ruffles, and the like. So that nobody was openly in a fidget; and when the whole thing was over, and the pamphlet closed, and there was no more fear of another heart-rending "I will only detain you a *very* few minutes longer," or "I hope I do not weary you, but the subject is so very interesting," when the end had actually come — was not only coming, but had come, — when the lecturer, with bows of acknowledgment stepped down from his desk, and the applause was hearty, and portly, radiant Mrs. Tufnell burst her glove in clapping, and the banker thundered on the floor with his big umbrella, brought on purpose, how charming it all was — for every one but Jem Challoner!

"Such a delightful lecture, Mrs. Tufnell!"

"Emily, dear, I do congratulate you."

"Nothing could have gone off better."

"What a full house! Have you looked round?"

"So lucky in the night."

"I am sure, with such numbers here, we shall never get a cab; we shall have to walk home."

"How many do you think we came? Three cabs full."

It seemed as if the whole room now pressed round and encircled the Tufnells, to whom this was due; as if from every quarter they were the centre of attraction, and people whom Challoner in his ignorance had been looking upon as — well, as very good townsfolk, he had now to be presented to as old friends, and great friends, and neighbors, and near neighbors, — it was, "Mary," "Emily," "Bertha," from every one; it was "dear," and "darling," and "love," taps of the fan, pullings of the sleeve, whisperings in the ear, even kissings on the cheek all round, and round, and round. It was terrible; his ears tingled, his jaw fell.

In that quarter of an hour he learned a good deal. When he had before stayed with the Tufnells he had been in mourning, and had made the most of his mourning in order to ensure an immunity from morning calls and solemn dinner-parties. He had guessed what these might be, though his present experience went far beyond what imagination had pictured. Nobody had taken offence. "For, indeed it just shows what a kind heart he has," cried the excellent mother. "To be sure there are few young men in these days that would take on so about an aunt, and an aunt, too, that left him a little bit of money; but that's Jem Challoner all the world

over. I do say to papa I never came across any young man that cared less about money. Papa does not think so much of it. When I told him that we were not to have our friends while Jem was with us, — that was when he and Mary were first engaged, you know, — what do you think he said? He just up and says, 'That's one of his aristocratic fads,' says he. Not that he thought any the worse of Jem for it. Papa is an aristocrat at heart."

So it was only now that the full fruition of what he had done dawned on the ill-fated Challoner — only now, now when he could least bear it, now when he could most appreciate it. Fresh from Overton, with all its exquisite simplicity and unconscious harmony, he had, without even the interval of a few weeks, or a few days, to encounter his cup of fate with all its dread ingredients.

He was very miserable; he had never been so miserable in his life.

And then, just as he was standing up, bowing and smiling, — forced by the awful exigency of the moment to bow and smile, — while standing there, a spectacle to gods and men, with a drawn grin upon his withered countenance, and an angry light in his soft eye, he caught sight in the very midst of the motley assemblage, of a face he knew.

CHAPTER XX.

THE STRUGGLE.

"Shall I to Honor, or to Love give way?"

For, as bright day, with black approach of night,
Contending makes a doubtful puzzling light,
So does my Honor and my Love together
Puzzle me so, I can decide on neither."

SPENSER.

THE face belonged to Miss Juliet Appleby, the Juliet whom at Overton Challoner had found a bore, a would-be flirt, and an incorrigible giggler, but who now in the elegance of her wrap, and the propriety of her demeanor, looked provokingly refined and superior. Apparently Miss Appleby knew how to behave in public, whatever license she might give herself in private; and Challoner, watching in order to avoid her, could not help having yet another drop added to the bitterness of his reflections, in noting that even this little miss, this absurd Juliet who had been totally put out of sight, distanced, eclipsed, and set at naught when Matilda had been on the scene, now found a foil for herself in the women of his own party.

Oddly enough this was the first thing

to occur to him, but it was soon swallowed up in another and more appalling second thought. Juliet here, on his track, likely, was sure to meet him and speak to him any day and any moment — for the first introduction at Overton had been followed by others, and there was now quite an easy acquaintanceship between the two, — what should he do or say, should he be attacked, questioned, and called upon to give an account of himself? Moreover, not only was such an interview to be anticipated, but once seen, she would hear from others, must hear from some one, what had brought him to this place, and hearing meant telling again. The very thought of that telling again sent a shiver through his veins, since whatever the future might have in store for him it could have nothing worse than that Matilda should know all, and know it through another.

His only hope lay in being unseen, and in the possibility of Miss Appleby's hosts — for of course she was on a visit somewhere about, — of their living so far in the country as to be ignorant of town gossip. The Tufnells undoubtedly reigned supreme in Clinkton; there they were the great among the small, the lions among the asses, the best, the very best of their set. But Clinkton confined itself pretty much to Clinkton; the Jews had no dealings with the Samaritans, as of old; and even though the friends of Miss Appleby might be known to Challoner himself, they might not have any acquaintance with the banker's family, and might not refer to the engagement, having no reason for supposing it could interest their guest.

Certainly Juliet had never heard him speak of Clinkton. Certainly, unless she actually saw him there with her own eyes, she had no clue by which she could connect him with the place. Lady Fairleigh was away; the whole Challoner family were away; he might escape, he might even yet escape, — but should she see him, all was over.

His eye never left the slim figure which in its spare sharpness of youthful outline had moved an inward smile and comparison at Overton, until he saw it pass through the curtained doorway; and grateful now for the press of human beings which had been so distasteful before, he welcomed every detaining introduction, and made the most of every stoppage.

The consequence was all that could be desired; when at length he emerged from the lecture-room, the coast was clear. It

was best, Mrs. Tufnell said, to let the carriage people get away first, and she hoped Mr. Jem had not minded their remaining a little behind the great crush, but they had so many friends — he must see how many friends they had — and everybody wanted to have a word, and it would have been uncivil to hurry off, — but now she was ready, quite ready; and then followed farewells and nods, and shawling and muffling, followed by the brisk walk home, and the promised supper. And a goodly supper it was, in honor of the occasion, — and every one was joyous and mirthful, and Herbert changed the plates and drew the corks as deftly as he had ever traversed the vales of Palestine; and it was well on towards twelve o'clock ere the ladies retired, and those who were not staying in the house took their leave.

"You and I will have a cigar by ourselves, Jem," said Mr. Tufnell then. "Help yourself, and pass the bottle. Heigho! I am tired. So are you, I can see. Well, we shall be good company for one another. I am sick of jabbering."

And in the quiet hour that followed, the best part of the old man's heart and mind stole gently into view.

He had bidden his daughters good-night with a hearty "God bless ye, lassies," and had straitly charged them to sit up no longer, and not to oversleep themselves in the morning as the result of turning the house upside down at that hour of the night; and when they had gone, and the last rustle of their departing steps had died away, the smile left his ruddy cheek also, and a thoughtful gravity took its place, and out of the depths of his soul, out of the fulness of an honest, upright, overflowing heart, he intrusted to his solitary auditor secret thoughts and feelings that were to Challoner's excited imagination almost holy as compared with his own.

He had never felt himself so vile. He got away at last; got away to his own room, turned out the light, threw up the window, and blessed the midnight airs upon his aching brow. At last he was alone — free for a brief interval from that dreadful kindness, that intolerable unsuspectingness; no longer obliged to force the cold caress and the hypocritical smile, and wonder how long such coldness and hypocrisy could escape observation.

He had seen the grey-haired parent's eye moisten, and heard his voice falter, and he might have to see and hear the

same again, — but for the moment he had escaped.

He leaned out of the window; his great frame relaxed heavily, and his face worked as it would.

The following morning saw the result of the inward struggle.

"Why — what — what now?" cried Mr. Tufnell, with his breath well-nigh driven out of his lips by astonishment. "Why, what is the meaning of this, James Challoner? You want to marry Mary off-hand? You, that I thought was content to wait a hundred years, if so be as we thought right! What — what — what? Bless me! I don't understand this sort of thing, that's what I don't. Marry Mary off-hand! Marry her straight away! But how the devil is a girl to be married straight away that has never heard a word about it till this very moment? And just before Christmas too! I never heard of such a thing. 'Pon my word, I never did. Why, we never have anything at Christmas, saving it's a hop for the youngsters, or a dinner or two for the old cronies. Christmas? Nobody gets married at Christmas. Christmas is not the time for private concerns like marrying, in my opinion. It's — it's almost profanity, that's what it is, to think of such a thing. We keep Christmas with our friends, with our neighbors, with all England, with all Christendom, with the world" — his voice rising higher and higher — "ay, and perhaps beyond it, Jem, my lad," dropping down again. "Yes," after a moment's pause, — "yes, Christmas is a great public, a — great — public festival," pleased with the phrase; "and you and Mary — for I take it she has had a hand in this —" inquiringly.

"Indeed, no. I have not spoken to Mary about it."

"And that's right; and don't you speak to her — no good will come of speaking to her. Why, man, I am not angry with you; it's natural enough, natural enough — but it don't suit my ideas. Now you see, you and I get on first-rate; you have never crossed me, and I have never crossed you — and I don't want," with emphasis, "I don't want to be obliged to cross you. I'll give in a little, d'ye see?" relenting as the young man remained silent, and it was to be presumed something daunted if not convinced. "I'll give in a bit. I'll meet you half-way, so to speak. Let me see, this is December, mid-December; well, we'll say February, if you like; the end of February. Eh? Will that do? Come,

I had not meant it to be before Easter. I thought Easter would have done very well; but as it seems no, why, there is nothing for it but to give in with a good grace. We'll jostle up the parsons, and tell 'em, Lent or no Lent, we must have their services by the end of February."

"Would —" said Challoner, and got no further; but his hesitating face and tone betrayed dissatisfaction. Having nerved himself for the sacrifice, he felt he scarcely knew what — probably afraid to trust his own resolution for a second effort.

"What! you ain't content yet?" exclaimed Mr. Tufnell, half amused and half indignant. "Well, I'll be jiggered! I never thought any one would ha' got as much out of me as you have got — you, Jem Challoner — and still you look as sour as corked claret. What the deuce — I'm not a swearing man, but I will say it — what the deuce is the meaning of this?"

"The meaning?" said Challoner slowly. He felt he was cutting but a sorry figure, and could only wonder how he had been fool enough not to expect and prepare for opposition before. But the truth was, that so occupied had he been with his own aspect of the affair, that no sooner was his resolution made up, for better for worse, to fulfil his engagement, and to think no more of beautiful Matilda Wilmot, than he had, in his own mind, almost gone through the ceremony, taken on himself the vows, and looked on the whole thing as complete, before ever he had opened the subject. He had never had any clear idea as to why the marriage had not taken place earlier; he knew he had not cared about it sufficiently to press the point; he had been disappointed in Miss Tufnell, and had been depressed in spirit on his introduction to her home and its surroundings; but he had fancied this uneasiness would wear off in time — that he and Mary would jog along comfortably enough, as many another couple did, — and had accordingly been entirely in the Tufnells' hands. If they had been eager for the union to take place, well and good; as they had not been eager, well and good also. But he had certainly deemed that only a slight pressure on his part was needed to bring it about as soon as he chose. He was now confused and disconcerted: a lover's flame he could scarcely pretend to, and no other plea offered.

"Well, I don't know what you are up to — hang me if I do!" ejaculated Tufnell, after a pause, in which he had scanned

his companion narrowly. "The ways of men are as queer as the ways of women sometimes. You are not taking offence, are you?" he broke off sharply. "Of course, if I am giving offence"—and the old gentleman drew himself up, and the color gathered on his cheek.

"Not at *all*!" said Challoner earnestly. And yet, oh what it would have been to have seized that momentary gleam, fanned it, poured oil upon the fire, and broken at once and for altogether with the Tufnell family in violence and wrath! Pah! He hated himself for the fiend's suggestion. It had been easy enough—comparatively easy at least—when two hundred miles lay between him and his betrothed, to think of his engagement as a cruel fetter which had been laid upon him almost by a trick, and almost against his will,—and he had felt less and less bound by it as Matilda grew more and more dear: even at the outset the struggle had not been maintained beyond a certain point, and he had given way, a long, long way afterwards; but he had never, even whilst enduring trouble and dismay himself, realized, until he re-entered the homely circle the day before, all that a suspicion of his faithlessness would bring upon them, these people, so good and kind and true,—it had come upon him like a revelation in the dark watches of the night before. He could not, no, he could not, be more base than he had already been; and he set his teeth, and crushed down the hope that sprang up within, and reared its wicked head to look him in the face, when he marked the blush of anger on the father's cheek.

"Not at *all*!" he said, in accents that carried immediate conviction.

Mr. Tufnell was mollified instantly. "Well, well, well!" he cried; "I did not think it—not for a moment: but young men are so peppery, one never knows—"

"I am not a young man, sir," said Jem Challoner quietly.

"Not a young man? What are you, then? A Methuselah, I suppose? Come, come, you are out of sorts to-day. That business last night, that supper and nonsense, did not suit you. No more it did me. I like my meals regular; and nothing is worse than eating at odd times—snacks here and snacks there; and a supper at ten o'clock at night plays the very fury with a man's digestion. Did you have the lobster?" suddenly. "That's it! That's done it! Depend upon it, lobster will find you out, and make you pay damages. I would as soon eat the

leather off my boot as touch a claw of a lobster at bedtime. And now I must really be off: I—let me see—where are those papers? Is it settled for February, then? Are you going to be a reasonable man?"

"I—I ought to be ashamed to—but—but——" stammered Challoner, with inward resolution to have it out whatever might be the result. "You are very good, exceedingly good; but—but——"

"But, but," good-humoredly mimicked the banker. "Ay, that's it; there is always a 'but, but.' Well, here comes the old lady; we'll ask her what she has to say to it. Come, old lady, and tackle this refractory gentleman; he is too much for me; I haven't a chance with him. What do you think he wants now?—and that the very day after he arrives! And I that thought him a very model of patience and everything! Now he cries out that he must marry Mary off-hand! Ay, I thought I would make you jump. And so I am just telling him it can't be done."

"Why can't it be done?" said Challoner, turning to her. "There is no real reason, I presume, why there should be any delay. I am not taking your daughter far away; London is far away from no place. And as for preparations——"

"That's it; that's the thing, of course—the preparations. Why, my dear Mr. Jem,—but, to be sure, I don't know how soon you mean," said she. "If you mean in six weeks, or maybe a month——"

"Aha! But he don't mean that; that would not suit his books at all. He means three weeks, or a fortnight; I believe it would have been one week, or to-morrow, with a word of encouragement. Now? What do you tell me now?" cried the husband, delighted to inflict his own previous discomfiture on his partner. "I believe he sees no earthly reason why he and Mary should not be spliced before noon to-morrow morning. It's too late to-day, luckily. Ha! ha! ha! And then he says Mary has not put him up to it on the sly," poking with his finger to point the jeer. "Tell that to the marines, young sir. She may not have *said* anything,—there is no need for *saying* sometimes; there are ways and means without *saying*. You and she understand each other, I'll be bound."

"Ask her," said Challoner quickly. His ear had caught a voice outside the door, and he opened it from within just as his betrothed was about to do the same from without. "Ask her. She does not even know my wishes; and I," he added,

with his eyes on the ground — "I do not even know if she shares them."

"Wishes! What about?" inquired Mary briskly. "What is going on here? La, Jem, what a face! I declare you look as if you were going to a funeral. What is the matter, you people?"

"A funeral, indeed!" cried her father, with a laugh. "'Tis not a funeral, but a wedding that's in the case, my girl. However, if a man is permitted to look glum when he is going to a funeral, he may, I suppose, give a scowl or so when he is *not* going to a wedding. *That* is what is the matter, miss. What have you to say to that?"

"Oh, indeed! A wedding? What wedding, papa?"

"It could not be his own, my dear, could it?"

"Indeed he does not look like it, papa."

"Indeed I was saying so, Mary."

"Come, come, you two; come, stop your nonsense, and give Jem his answer," put in Mrs. Tufnell good-humoredly. "'Tis but papa's way, Jem, you know — he must always have his joke; but 'Enough's as good as a feast,' say I, and it is not fair to take a joke on too far. Tell Mary what Jem says, and then she will understand. And, papa, don't you bias her, but just let her speak for herself."

"But, mind, I don't promise to go by what she says, whether she speaks for herself or not," rejoined the father sturdily. "Howsomever, Mary — well, the fact is — I suppose you want to marry Mr. Challoner here?"

"Papa! what a question!" and Miss Tufnell looked roguishly at her lover.

"Well — 'papa,' indeed! I said I supposed you did. Now the thing is, will you have him now, or wait till you get him?"

He was irrepressible. He was in reality by no means displeased by what had occurred, as must have been already obvious; he was more, he was flattered and gratified beyond what he would have allowed to any one; only he meant to have his own way, and to have it with a blast of trumpets which should proclaim to all his victory.

He now exploded into a hearty laugh at his own wit, and Mrs. Tufnell had again to tap and admonish. "Fie, fie! Now, papa, you really are too bad. I always do say that when papa gets into this joky humor, he really is too bad," apologetically to the silent, stern man at the other end of the table. "Papa is a regular

tease; and now poor Mary does not know what to think. I see I must take it in hand myself. It is whether you would like to have the wedding soon or by-and-by, Mary, my dear?"

"Soon? How soon, mamma?"

"Why, by the middle or end of next month — in about five weeks — or — or —" said Mrs. Tufnell, stealing a suggestive glance across the table.

"In a fortnight, or less," replied Challoner, in a harsh, resonant voice.

They all looked at him as he spoke. His tone was not like a bridegroom's.

"A fortnight! Good gracious!" ejaculated Miss Tufnell, throwing up her hands. "My dear Jem! Mamma, do you tell him. Papa, you know you said it could not be," appealing to each in turn.

"Why, I haven't ordered a *thing* yet — not a single thing. And now — oh, you don't know — but now it could never be, it could not possibly be, not for ever so long. I have heard such news; I was rushing in full cry to tell you all — I nearly ran all the way home, for I said I would be the first to get it out," the panting girl exclaimed, almost choking in her eagerness, as the rapture and excitement which had been momentarily suspended on her entrance by the introduction of another topic, now returned in full tide. (She did not see Jem raise his eyes, look at her, and drop them again, while the lines about his mouth seemed to deepen every moment. Neither she nor either of the others saw, all being otherwise engaged.)

"Don't you wonder what it is?" cried the speaker, twirling round and round in a pirouette. "Guess, guess, guess, all of you. Try to guess any way, for you'll never do it. Oh my, I am in such a state! the others are writing off for patterns in the sitting-room now. Patterns! Doesn't *that* tell you? Patterns; what do people need patterns for? A — fancy — dress" — looking at each in turn.

"Ball!" cried her mother, solving the conundrum. "Ball! You don't say it?"

"But I do. That's it. There, it's out. Mrs. Dobb is going to give a fancy-dress ball. And it has only just been arranged; and it is fixed for this day fortnight."

"That settles the question," said her father drily.

"You cannot compete with a fancy ball, Mr. Jem, you see," added his wife. "The girls have all been just wild to go to one; and though, for myself, I am not so fond of being made a guy, still I'll not deny that for once and away I don't mind at Christmas time. 'Tis a pretty sight.

And the Dobbs being our own particular friends —"

"Oh, ay, you'll want to go, no doubt," put in Mr. Tufnell, affecting a fine shade of fatherly contempt. "'The Dobbs being our particular friends.' If the Dobbs had been our particular enemies, it would have been all the same to you. You must be on the gad-about —"

"Now, now," began she.

"Oh, papa, hold your tongue, and mamma too." (Again Challoner raised his eyes; the tone was not meant to be disrespectful, but it was, — he could not tell what it was. Never before had he seen his bride-elect show to less advantage; it might have been done of set purpose to mock him.) "Just you both be quiet, and I'll tell you about it," proceeded the young lady. "It has been on their minds this great while, Mrs. Dobb says; but they knew it would make such an upset in the house, that they could never quite bring themselves to fix a time. But now Willie Dobb says it *is* to be; for he is *determined* upon it, and you know he can always do anything he likes with them all, once he is *determined*. And so when we met them, they began about it *at once*, and said they wanted us to know before any one else, because we *must* be there, — and if there had been anything to stop us, they would have changed the day. Mrs. Dobb herself said that; she did indeed. 'Mary,' she said, 'tell your mother that if you could not all have come on *our* day, we would have changed the day.' So you see, papa, it was a shame to say it would have been all one if it had been our enemies. The Dobbs are always —"

"Just what I said. And no one knows it better than papa," subjoined her mother. "But he never meant nothing, Mary" — her own phraseology suffering from excitement and anticipation. "And Mary," eagerly, "what is Mrs. Dobb going to wear herself? What is she going to *be*? Did you hear that? Did she tell you that? For I do declare I would not for the world that we should clash, she and I; and as we are the same stout figure, we might as like as not go and pitch on the very same thing. We must agree about it."

"You must agree to differ, eh?" said her husband jocosely. "Eh, Jem? that wasn't bad, eh? Agree to differ. Hum — eh? Your nose is pretty well put out of joint by this, my friend, I take it. No one would give a thought to the bride, you see, if there were sham brides, Amazons, gipsies, what not, on the *tapis* as well. Mary is not going to lose the show

either. Catch her being married and done for, and carted out of the way, when there is any jollification going on. No, no; not such a flat."

"I really couldn't, Jem," pleaded Mary piteously.

"I suppose I ought not to ask it," said Challoner, with a bitter smile.

"Well, well; there's no harm done, — and don't quarrel over it, you two," interposed Mrs. Tufnell, a shade of anxiety showing itself in her voice as she looked at the last speaker. "Mary means no harm, Mr. Jem; but she is just a girlie, and likes her play. You will enjoy the ball yourself. Dear me! it has put *me* all in a flutter. I will tell you what I will do, Mary," turning briskly to her daughter. "I will just step down to Mrs. Dobb after lunch, before she can get out for the afternoon, and beg her to take it for granted that I shan't be in her way whatever she decides on. That will be doing it handsome; and as it is Mrs. Dobb who gives the ball, it is only fair that she should have first choice. And, papa," to him, "you will not be stingy to the girls, you know. It is only once and away; we don't get the chance of a fancy ball every day, and fancy-ball dresses are not to be had for nothing. Is the day quite fixed, fixed for certain, Mary?"

"Mrs. Dobb was going to get the cards printed this very afternoon," said Mary.

"This very afternoon! The cards printed! Lor! that does make it real. And she will be ordering her own dress, the next thing; as sure as I say it, she will, — and indeed I must see to my own, if ever Miss Flaxen is to send it in time. I'll not wait till the afternoon, I'll go now. There is plenty of time, if I go at once" — and she was hurrying away.

"I am to understand that you — that you would prefer to wait, then?" said Challoner to his betrothed, — and, in spite of every effort, his voice trembled under the variety of his emotions. "Is it so? Have I understood aright?"

"Why, of course; how could you have understood awrong?" retorted the young lady, with her usual vivacity. "Pray, Jem, don't say any more about it," added she pettishly. "What is the use? You see father doesn't want it; no more does mother; no more do I. And I don't believe," with returning good temper, — "I don't believe you, in your heart of hearts, really want it yourself."

"Bravo! Mary. Did you hear that, mamma?" cried her father.

Challoner bowed; he could not speak.

Once more fate had checkmated him, and the thing that he would have done he could not.

From All The Year Round.
"CHINESE GORDON." *

IN TWO PARTS.

PART II.

IN reading once again the story of the ever-victorious army, we have been struck with the singular military capacity of its hero and its captain. It seems to us, moreover, that in a general way, but particularly in the recent voluminous remarks in the newspapers, to that capacity justice has not been done. People give to Gordon the credit of being a great administrator, a novel diplomatist, and the fortunate possessor of a strange and wondrous influence over the hearts of men; but his ability and achievements as a leader of armies and a master of campaigns seem to have been considerably, if not entirely, overlooked. Gordon the Christian governor, and Gordon the kindly helper of the poor, are realized in the popular mind, and loved; Gordon, the consummate strategist, is barely understood. And yet, as it seems to us, the military resource and audacity, the originality and keen perfectitude of plan, and the almost magic insight into an enemy's intention, which are visible throughout his career—in the Crimea, in China, in the Soudan—are points of character not less important nor less admirable than the qualities which have received a wider recognition because they appeal more directly to sentiment and imagination.

Rectitude, courage, simple trust in God—these qualities are great, and enable men to do great things; but in Gordon there is something more. He has the genius of a great general, a rapidity of thought and energy of action which, if not entirely singular, perhaps, in themselves, become so in virtue of his peculiar personality, the daring of his invention, and often the humor of his methods. For Gordon, with all his earnestness and mysticism, with all his unsparing thoroughness in every department of action assigned to him by others or selected by himself, is a humorist.

At the close of the Taiping rebellion,

* *The Story of Chinese Gordon*, by A. Egmont Hake. With two portraits and two maps. London: Remington and Co., 1884.

Gordon returned to England with the one idea of enjoying well-earned quiet in the circle of his family. But "no sooner," writes Mr. Hake, "had he set foot in this country than invitations came in upon him from all quarters, and to have him for a guest was the season's ideal; friends and kinsmen were made the bearers of superb invitations, all of which he had the courage to decline." When he found himself pronounced a hero he ceased to listen, and even begged a fellow-officer who had written an account of the campaign to let the subject drop. "To push and intrigue was impossible;" and, at a moment when most men would have accepted with proud pleasure the courtesies of society and the praises of the great, he was content to resume his duty as a royal engineer. A striking instance of this exceptional modesty (or is it an exceptional and admirable vanity?) is related in connection with his "Journal of the Taiping War." This valuable document was illustrated by himself, and he had sent it home from China on the understanding that it should be seen by none but his family. But one of her Majesty's ministers heard of the manuscript, borrowed it, and was so impressed that he had it printed for the benefit of his colleagues. Late one evening Gordon enquired about his journal, and being told what had happened, rose from table and sped in hot haste to the minister's house. The minister was not at home; Gordon hurried to the printers, demanded his MS., and ordered the printed copies to be destroyed and the type broken up. No one has seen the manuscript since, and Mr. Hake declares there is every probability of its having been destroyed.

In 1865, Gordon was appointed commanding engineer at Gravesend, and there for six years he remained, fulfilling his official duties in the construction of the Thames defences and devoting himself, in a manner almost unexampled, to the poor. "His house was school, hospital, and almshouse in turn," and his delight in children, and especially in boys working on the river or the sea, is one of the sunniest traits in his character. Many he rescued from the gutter, cleansed and clothed, and fed, and kept them in his home for weeks until work and place were found for them. He called them his "kings," and marked their voyages with innumerable pins stuck in a map of the world that hung over his mantelpiece, and these pins he "moved from point to point as his youngsters advanced," and day by day prayed for them as they went. The

lads loved him, and scribbled on the fences a touching legend of their own invention: "God bless the Kernel!"

Pleasant indeed it would be to linger over this chapter in the life of this wonderful man; but biography is long, and our pages are short. Let us pass at once to what, in our opinion, is by far the most romantic period in Gordon's career—the years that he spent in the Soudan, the land of the dry desert, and mighty rivers, and fiery sun; the remote, unfriended country of the hunters of men and their victims, the suffering and human blacks.

Early in 1874 Gordon succeeded Sir Samuel Baker as governor of the tribes in Upper Egypt. The khedive—Ismaïl—proposed to give him ten thousand pounds a year. He would not hear of it; he accepted two thousand pounds. This act was much discussed at the time, and the right interpretation was not always forthcoming. But it was entirely consistent with Gordon's conduct in similar affairs in China and elsewhere. At the conclusion of the campaign against the Taipings, the Chinese government presented the captain of the ever-victorious army with a large fortune. He not only rejected it with contempt, but actually thrashed from his tent the messengers who brought it!

Egypt had made vast strides into the heart of Africa since 1853, and as its empire spread, so grew the slave-trade, and so, under the unscrupulous and terrible rule of the pashas, deepened the misery of the people. The Arab captains, "the hunters of men," attained great political power, and their abominable traffic was the dominant interest of everybody in the land, from the little children of the blacks, who wanted freedom, to the governor-general of the Soudan himself, who wanted coin. So strong, indeed, did the slavers at last become that the government got at once ashamed and afraid. The mightiest and cleverest of them was one Sebehr Rahama, who, by the way, has lately come to the front again in a very remarkable and entirely Anglo-Egyptian fashion. This superior man-hunter was called the Black Pasha, and commanded thirty stations. Conscious of his power, he set up as the rival and equal of the khedive himself, with a court of Arab ruffians and burlesque of princely state. The khedive was considerably moved by the preposterous behavior of this upstart, and determined forthwith to humble him to the dust. An attempt to effect this object failed miserably; and the khedive

was weak enough, in his dilemma of fear and doubt, to make Sebehr a bey, and to accept his services in the invasion of Darfur. Darfur being conquered, Sebehr was rewarded with the rank of pasha. But, like Hung of China, he cherished vast ambitions. He would be content with nothing less than the governor-generalship of the Soudan. This pretension brought matters to a crisis. Hitherto, Ismaïl had encouraged slave-dealing, for it increased his revenue; but, the moment his personal supremacy was threatened by the man whose power he, by his own cupidity, had helped to make, he was converted into what Mr. Hake happily terms "active and sonorous philanthropy." Of a sudden he began to regard the slave-trade with "holy horror," and determined to suppress it—at least, so he said. For this purpose he engaged Sir Samuel C. Baker; to this end he enlisted the genius of Gordon.

Gordon had not been at Cairo many days before he wrote: "I think I can see the true motive of the expedition, and believe it to be a straw to catch the attention of the English people." Nevertheless, he determined to go through with his undertaking; for he saw that he could help the suffering tribes. In his own words may be read the spirit in which he began and carried on his perilous task: "I will do it, for I value my life as naught, and should only leave much weariness for perfect peace."

Gordon wished to proceed by ordinary steamer to Souakim, but Nubar Pasha (the able minister who is once again in office, and who, Mr. Hake says, in many ways tried Gordon's patience) insisted upon his going in state. The special train was engaged, therefore; but the engine collapsed. Thus, in huge delight, Gordon wrote: "They had begun in glory, and ended in shame."

His first decree is as follows, and in the light of his new mission to the land of his old labors, it will be read with interest, particularly when it is considered that the circumstances differ in nothing but unessentials:

"By reason of the authority of the governor of the provinces of the equatorial lakes, with which his Highness the khedive has invested me, and the irregularities which until now have been committed, it is henceforth decreed:

"1. That the traffic in ivory is the monopoly of the government.

"2. No person may enter these prov-

inces without a 'teskere' from the governor-general of Soudan, such 'teskere' being available only after it shall have received the visa of the competent authority at Gondokoro, or elsewhere.

"3. No person may recruit or organize armed bands within these provinces.

"4. The importation of firearms and gunpowder is prohibited.

"5. Whosoever shall disobey this decree will be punished with all the rigor of the military laws.

GORDON."

This proclaimed, he sailed for Gondokoro—a strange river voyage, amidst crocodiles that slumbered on the mud, and ponderous river-horses that splashed and blew in the stream, whilst little mobs of monkeys came down from the gum-trees to the margin to drink, and wild birds sailed in flocks overhead. One night, Gordon, thinking of home in the moonlight, was startled by loud laughing in a bush on the river's bank. "I felt put out, but the irony came from birds, that laughed at us . . . for some time in a very rude way. They were a species of stork, and seemed in capital spirits, and highly amused at anybody thinking of going up to Gondokoro with the hope of doing anything."

By a rare coincidence of favorable circumstances—such as rarely gladden the traveller in any land, least of all in what is called Upper Egypt—and hastened by Gordon's invincible energy, the little band—consisting of Gordon, his staff, and escort—reached Khartoum in an incredibly short space of time. From that flat-roofed, mud-built city Gordon started, after a busy stay of eight days, for Gondokoro. The journey was accomplished by steamer, and was not without romantic incident. Once when cutting wood for the steamer's fires, they surprised some Dinkas—a people who are black, and pastoral, and worshippers of wizards. The chief, in full dress (a necklace), was induced to come on board. He came and softly licked the back of Gordon's hand, and held his face to his own, and "made as if he were spitting." At dinner he devoured his neighbor's portion as well as his own, after which he and his liege-men sang a hymn of thanksgiving, and proceeded to crawl to Gordon, that they might kiss his feet. That was denied them, but they were sent away rejoicing, under a splendid burden of beads.

At the junction of the Bahr-Gazelle with the Gondokoro River they found swarms of natives who had rubbed them-

selves with wood-ash until their complexions were "the color of slate-pencil." These people were half starved and in great suffering. "What," writes Gordon, "what a mystery, is it not, why they are created? A life of fear and misery night and day! One does not wonder at their not fearing death. No one can conceive the utter misery of these lands. Heat and mosquitos day and night all the year round. But I like the work, for I believe I can do a great deal to ameliorate the lot of the people." At Bohr, a slavers' stronghold, the people were "anything but civil: they had heard of the Khartoum decree;" but at St. Croix, a mission station, the steamer passed to the joyous sounds of dance and song.

Gondokoro was reached in twenty-four days, and once there, Gordon was at his seat of government, and in the very heart of his perilous task. So swift had been his journey that the townsmen had not heard even of his nomination. His advent amazed them. Gondokoro was a trysting-place for wretchedness and danger; the state of the people was "as bad as it well could be;" and so terribly had they been treated that, half a mile from its walls, the governor-general himself would have gone in peril of his life. But Gordon's spirit did not fail. He was confident that he could relieve the people of their sufferings, that he could build a better state of life for them if—there always is an "if"—if he could but win their confidence. To achieve that necessary consummation he passed hither and thither through the land, there giving grain, here employing the natives to plant their patches with maize. Why employ them to do that which is their normal occupation? Because before he came they had ceased to sow since they could never reap the fruits of their toil; they were systematically robbed of their little harvest. And so when the strange fame of this kingly white man spread amongst them, in their simple hearts they thought he could do all things, and flocked about him in great numbers, and begged that he would buy their children, whom they were too poor to feed themselves. Clearly their confidence was being surely won; and if one thing in this world is certain it is that, in those bare and burning lands, the name of Gordon is remembered to this day with gratitude.

This grand result was reached in great part by his uncompromising attitude towards the slavers. The slavers are, perhaps, as unequivocal a race of blackguards

as ever existed; and they were in collusion with the government. "They stole the cattle and kidnapped their owners, and they shared the double booty with officials of a liberal turn of mind."

Here is a record of one exploit, typical of many, and showing how Gordon dealt with this state of things. By the timely interception of some letters, he discovered that two thousand stolen cows and a troop of kidnapped negroes were on their way from a gang of man-hunters to that estimable personage, the governor of Fashoda. The cavalcade was promptly stopped. The cows, since it was impossible to return them to their owners, were confiscated; the slaves he either sent home or bought himself, and they came about him, trying to touch his hand, or even the hem of his garment. In China, Gordon had conquered rebels to enlist them on his own side; and much the same happened here. The chief slavers he cast into prison, but after a while those who proved themselves possessed of useful qualities he released and employed. Equally with the great essential duties of his position, the most trivial matters received unremitting attention. He was never idle, even amusing himself in odd moments of leisure by "inventing traps for the huge rats that shared his cabin." And he writes of a poor, sick old woman whom he nursed and fed for weeks, but all in vain: "She had her tobacco up to the last. What a change from her misery! I suppose she filled her place in life as well as Queen Elizabeth."

His work grew more dangerous and difficult. His native staff was useless from intrigue and treachery, and his Europeans to a man were down with ague and fever. Yet notwithstanding traitors in the camp, and enemies without, Gordon toiled on at his post, and, though worn to a shadow, was at once governor of the provinces and nurse to his staff. His difficulties were increased by the real or feigned ineptitude of his subordinates. When the commandant he had left at Gondokoro was ordered to send up a mountain howitzer, he forwarded empty ammunition-tubes instead of full. Thus Gordon was left defenceless with ten men, in a place where no Arab would have stayed without a hundred. And yet we find him always cheerful, and devoted to the people—teaching them, with novel methods, the use of money; whilst he delighted his ragamuffin soldiery with the wonders of a magic lantern, and by firing a gun a hundred and fifty yards off with a

magnetic exploder! In truth, with Gordon, to be single-handed is to work marvels; and during this period he labored with astonishing energy and success. He converted Khartoum into a Botany Bay for do-nothing governors, the blackguard slavers whom he caught and punished, and the traitors of his own staff. To punish rebellious chiefs, he resorted, not to fire and sword, but to the razzia, or cattle-raid, a method much more humorous, and infinitely more final in its results.

Not, however, that he had no fighting. The wizard-worshippers gave him much trouble, and many of the tribes would not be content until they had felt the might of his arm. Brisk battles were frequent, and in one of them the bulk of the force with him at the time was completely "eaten up," as our friends the Zulus pleasantly describe the process of annihilation. This engagement is in some ways typical of them all, and it is instructive. In travelling through a turbulent region of his kingdom, Gordon observed that the temper of the tribes was, to say the least, forbidding. Wizards gathered on the hills, and cursed their enemy—as they supposed Gordon to be—and waved him off the face of the earth; spies hung about the camp and in the long grass; altogether there was general warning of a storm. Gordon was joined about this time by his good lieutenant Linant and his party, who came in from an outlying station. Gordon wished to find a steamer, which lay somewhere in the river, and for this purpose passed thirty men over to the east bank. The instant they landed, down came the natives; Gordon followed at once. The natives retorted by making a rush at his men. They were repulsed, and Gordon attempted to parley. They refused, and knowing him for the chief, tried to surround him; he let them come near, and then drove them back with bullets. Linant proposed that he should burn their houses, and Gordon, fearing further mischief unless he effectually retaliated, agreed. One morning, therefore, he sent off a party of forty-one men. At midnight he heard firing, and saw Linant in a red shirt he had given him, on a hill; the red shirt, and the party led by its wearer, were visible for a couple of hours, when they disappeared. Later on thirty or forty blacks were seen running down to the river, and Gordon, concluding they had gone to his steamer, fired on them as they ran. Ten minutes afterwards, one of his own detachment appeared on the opposite bank; he had been disarmed,

and declared that all the others of the party were killed. The red shirt had maddened the natives; the party got scattered; spears did the rest. Gordon was left with only thirty men, and he decided to make a strategic movement to the rear. Wonderful to relate, the tribesmen did not molest him—with the exception of a certain wizard who elected to survey the retreat from the top of a rock, whence he "grinned and jeered, and vaticinated," as Gordon was giving orders. The governor took his rifle. "I don't think that's a healthy spot from which to deliver an address," he said, and the wizard prophesied no more.

After a brief holiday in London, Gordon returned to Egypt early in 1877. He was appointed governor-general of the Soudan, with Darfur and the provinces of the equator—a district one thousand six hundred and forty miles long, and nearly seven hundred wide. Furthermore, he was deputed to look into Abyssinian affairs, and to negotiate with King John for a settlement of pending disputes. Into events Abyssinian, however, the space at our disposal does not permit us to enter. Suffice it to say that they were every whit as full of romance and significance as anything else in Gordon's wonderful career.

His installation in the new position, so much more important and difficult than any he had yet held, took place at Khartoum on the 5th of May. The firman of the khedive and an address were read by the *cadi*, and a royal salute was fired. Gordon was expected to make a speech. He said: "With the help of God I will hold the balance level." This brief and trenchant sentence delighted the people more, says Mr. Hake, than if he had talked for an hour. Afterwards, he ordered gratuities to be given to the deserving poor; in three days he had distributed upwards of one thousand pounds of his own money. The formalities of his new state disgusted him; he was "guarded like an ingot of gold," and was given, it seems, in the midst of solemn ceremonies, to making irrelevant humorous remarks to the great chiefs—in English, which they did not understand.

Many things had happened in the Soudan since 1874. When he took up the reins of government in 1877, he found the country, as Mr. Hake says, "quick with war." The provincial governors were worthless, and often mutinous; the slaves were out in revolt; the six thousand Bashi-Bazouks who were used as frontier

guards robbed on their own account, and winked at the doings of the slavers; savage and reckless tribes had to be subdued. "It was a stupendous task, to give peace to a country quick with war; to suppress slavery among a people to whom trade in human flesh was life, and honor, and fortune; to make an army out of perhaps the worst material ever seen; to grow a flourishing trade and a fair revenue in the wildest anarchy in the world."

One of the most difficult and desperate of the tasks before Gordon, was the subjugation of the vast province of the Bahr-Gazelle. This, itself a little continent, had been lashed to anarchy and wretchedness by Sebehr, the Black Pasha, already mentioned. It was necessary that he and his son Suleiman, with their army of man-hunters, should be subdued, and the land brought to rule and order. But, before that could be achieved, it was of the utmost urgency that Gordon should go to Darfur, where revolt was rampant, and the khedive's garrisons were besieged in their barracks by the rebels. Here that splendid confidence in himself, which is one of his strongest characteristics, helped him in an extraordinary degree. His army was a useless mob of ragamuffins—"nondescripts," he called them; the tribes and the slavers he had to subdue were warlike and fierce; his nondescripts could be trusted only to run away from danger, or to plot the murder of himself. Most men would not have undertaken such work under such severely trying conditions; but Gordon never faltered.

The city of Dara plays a strong part in these chapters of Gordon's story. During the revolt caused by Haroun, the pretender to the throne of Darfur, its people were shut within its walls. They had heard nothing from without for six months, and when, one day, there was a sudden stir at the gate, and the governor-general himself rode into their midst, they were dumb-founded. It was, says Gordon, in his trenchant, graphic way, "It was like the relief of Lucknow." The illustration, so full of moving memories and great suggestions, was only just. As Gordon advanced, dangers gathered on every side, until, as Mr. Hake happily puts it, he was "ringed about with perils." A crisis came, which needed all his energy and indomitable will to keep him master of the situation. His presence in the field against Haroun was urgent; on either hand he was menaced by powerful tribes; worse than all else, Suleiman, son of Sebehr, the Black Pasha, sat down with six

thousand robbers before Dara, and ravaged the land around. In the midst of all this, his army was plotting his life; his secretary fell ill. The measure of his troubles was full indeed. But his spirit never quailed. So rapid were his movements now, that no idea of them can be conveyed in this place; Mr. Hake himself has perforce found it impossible to give more than a sketch of them. Brief and slight as that sketch is, it indicates with a sort of swift dramaticism the marvellous activity and resource of its hero.

Whilst in the heart of all this battling and peril, he heard something which rendered all else as naught. Suleiman, with his six thousand, was on the eve of attacking Dara. Not an instant was lost. Ignoring nondescripts and allies alike, and, as usual, far in advance of his lagging escort of Bashi-Bazouks, Gordon mounted his camel and rode straight away to Dara. The distance was eighty-five miles; he did it in a day and a half, unarmed and alone. "A dirty, red-faced man," covered with flies, he burst upon his people as a thunderbolt; they could not believe their eyes. Next day, as dawn broke over the city, he put on the "golden armor" of his office, and rode to the camp of the robbers, three miles off. The chiefs were awestruck and startled. Gordon drank a glass of water, ordered Suleiman to follow with his people to his divan, and rode back to Dara. The son of Sebehr came with his chiefs, and they sat in a circle in the governor's divan. Then, in "choice Arabic," as Gordon humorously puts it, Gordon said to them: "You meditate revolt; I know it. You shall have my ultimatum now: I will disarm you and break you up." They listened in a dead silence, and went away to consider. At any moment they could have put Gordon and his "garrison of sheep soldiers" to the sword; amazed by his utter indifference to danger, and quelled, perhaps, by the magic of his eye, they submitted.

Of his further labors in the Soudan and Abyssinia — in the latter country he afterwards had an adventure nearly as dramatic as that just related, and even more dangerous — we cannot now speak. What they were — how varied and difficult, how amusing, how pathetic, and how, after all, they were to be unrequited — all this is written in Mr. Hake's pages; to these the curious and sympathetic reader must turn for many a romance, many a piece of daring, many a touch of sincere and gentle charity, many an astounding proof of courage, that considerations of space pre-

vent our dealing with here. With that rare modesty of his, and with an heroic and suggestive brevity like the diction of the Bible, Gordon has said: "I have cut off the slave-dealers in their strongholds, and I made the people love me." It is true. To this day the poor blacks of the Soudan beg the white traveller to send back to them the "good pasha," and it is the knowledge of this, the certainty of his influence upon the people, of his personal magnetic power over the wild savages and pastoral blacks of the Soudan — these are the things which feed the hopes all of us cherish for the success of the mission upon which, after the eleventh hour has struck, he has been hurriedly despatched.

From The Gentleman's Annual.
VALERIE'S FATE.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER, AUTHOR OF "THE
WOOLING O'T," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

THE intention of her uncle to breakfast with the widow of his former friend and comrade excited a vague surprise in Valerie's mind, and she was somewhat amused at the mystery and importance which he evidently attached to his excursion.

His toilette was a lengthy affair. Then he had to be wrapped up against the cold and further fortified by a cup of black coffee and a *petit verre* before starting; but he got off at last, and Valerie settled herself to write a letter to the lady at the head of the Dresden school where her mother and herself had resided for what had been a very happy bit of Valerie's life. She had risen that morning with a fresh resolution to be brave and strong, to leave no chambers of heart or brain empty, swept, and garnished for weak and treacherous spirits to enter and dwell in. So she was very busy. She dusted the *salon* carefully, and, as a treat, made a good fire in addition to the little round green brasier. Then she made her own toilette. That was always a pleasure, though she shook her head at her own image in the glass as she noted the dark shade beneath her eyes, an evidence of mental struggle; and, finally, drawing the largest table near the fireplace, she tried to absorb herself in her letter.

The old *femme de ménage* was still pottering about in the kitchen, but her hour of departure had already come. Valerie had covered one side of her paper when

the little cracked bell at the entrance jingled, and a short parley followed. "It is a letter," thought Valerie, "perhaps from Frau Schroeder. It is curious how letters sometimes come from those you have long neglected when you begin to write or have just written."

"There is an English monsieur wishes to see M. le Capitaine, but he is out. Will mademoiselle speak with him?"

"Let him enter," said Valerie, her heart beating wildly, her cheek pale with an anticipation almost instantly fulfilled, as Eric Floyd, having stopped to remove his overcoat, appeared towering above the *femme de ménage* in the doorway.

"I find your uncle is out," said he, advancing calmly and leisurely into the room, and making a slight bow.

"Yes. It is quite an event his being out, but —" she paused.

"Will you allow me to sit down for a few moments?" said Floyd.

"Yes, certainly," exclaimed Valerie, scarce knowing what she said. "But my uncle will not return till the afternoon."

"Indeed! Has he gone far, then?"

"Some distance; somewhere near the Invalides."

"A cold day for him," returned Floyd dreamily, as he drew a chair to the opposite side of the table and remained a moment silent, gazing through the window nearest him. Valerie was much too overwhelmed to speak, and heard the outer door shut with an odd feeling of despair. The *femme de ménage* had gone, and she was alone with the intruder.

"You have a pleasant outlook," said Floyd, rousing himself; "but is it not dull for you to live here all alone with so old a man as your uncle?"

"I have always lived with people older than myself," said Valerie, "so I do not feel it, though it is very nice to be with the young. My acquaintance with Sybil, with Miss Owen, has been a great source of pleasure to me."

"Yes, Sybil is a good soul, though as wild and untrained as a mountain goat." He looked up as he spoke, and, meeting Valerie's eyes, he beamed all over with a sudden, half-mischievous, wholly tender smile, to which Valerie could not help returning an answering glance, so strange and almost comic did their position seem.

"If you only knew how I have watched and contrived to find a chance of putting myself right with you!" exclaimed Floyd with pleasant earnestness. "But you have avoided me cruelly. I can never have a word with you."

"It is not necessary to put yourself right with me," said Valerie; "I understand that you were not accustomed to our stiff ways. I am quite sure you only meant to do me a kindness, and — and — it is all past and over now. So you need say no more about it."

"It is not past and over with me," very gravely, "and I have a great deal more to say, only" — he paused an instant, looking earnestly at her, and resumed with the same quaint frankness that was his special characteristic — "only I am afraid to say it."

"Then pray do not! Why put yourself to any — any inconvenience? I do not want to hear anything."

"That means you have a shrewd idea of what is in my mind," he uttered, looking earnestly at her, until she feared he would read her heart through her down-dropped eyelids. "I think you must know. It is almost impossible that some of the effect you have produced on me should not react on yourself."

Valerie was silent. It was an awful moment, which yet had in it a painful joy that shivered through her veins in icy darts.

"I want to tell you my difficulties," he went on, his deep, soft tones stirring her heart, "and you will see that it is no presumption, no want of respect, that induces me to tell you, but necessity — the dread of losing, for want of speaking out, what has grown in a few weeks to be the one supreme desire of my soul. Valerie, will you let me try to win you? Will you try to love me? I know I am a rugged sort of fellow, but if — if you would trust me and care for me, I know I could make your life a happy one! Do hear me! I have often thought what a crazy notion love at first sight is, and yet from the moment I met your eyes and heard your voice, I loved you! and I cannot bear to lose —"

"I do wish you would not speak to me in this way, Mr. Floyd," interrupted Valerie, trembling and hesitating. "I am sure you are very good and true; but it is all so strange, and — there are obstacles, and I hardly know you —"

"I do not ask you to decide, only give me a chance," he said, his voice carefully subdued, yet touching in its intense earnestness. "If you are free — if you will hear me, I think — I think I could make you love me, though it may sound bold. Yet, it is not boldness, it is the strength of my feeling for you that gives me this consciousness of power."

Valerie made a gesture of dismay, but could find no words.

"You see," he went on more hurriedly, with increasing fire, "I have led such a free, natural, open-air life, that I know nothing of cities and their conventionalities; and I do not see why I should not avow that you have a charm for me I could not resist even if I would. Why should I? You are, I can see, as good as you are fair and sweet, and I, who have nothing to hide in my past or fear in my future — why should I not strive to gain so dear a companion to share my life? You do not know how fondly I could love! — I did not know it myself till *you* taught me, Valerie! It is so delightful to call you Valerie," and he laughed a low, soft laugh, full of deepest, warmest, feeling.

"But you must not, indeed you must not," said Valerie, terrified at the glamor she felt stealing over her, and summoning up the recollection of all the kindness and confidence lavished on her by Sybil Owen to strengthen her resolve. "You do not know how impossible all this would be. Every one would be angry. Your father no doubt expects you to marry some very different person from me, an insignificant bread-winner."

"My father's opinion would not affect me. I have made my own place, and earned my freedom."

"Then my uncle would be vexed, and — and in short —"

"Leave these objections aside," he interrupted, "and tell me your *own* views! Remember, I can give you a fair if a remote home. Ah, the dream of seeing you beside me among the woods and hills of my beautiful country haunts me continually! Tell me, how do I stand with yourself? Do you feel no leaning toward me — no shadow of reciprocity?"

"Mr. Floyd," said Valerie, rising to dismiss him, while she grew deadly pale and trembled in every limb, "this is too painful. I am deeply touched by all you say. I shall always remember you, always with kindness, but there is an obstacle I cannot explain which is insurmountable. I entreat you, do not distress me any more!"

"You love some one else," he exclaimed, in a harsher tone. He had also risen, and now took her hand, holding it with an increasingly close pressure, looking into her eyes, which were fascinated by his gaze. "No!" he exclaimed; "I do not believe you *love* any one, but you may be affianced! If so, and if it is not

with your fullest, freest consent, break your bonds! There is nothing so awful, so unholy, as a mere marriage of expediency, and it would *kill* you. Why, why do you turn from me? I will take you from all constraint and hardship and struggle, if you but trust me and say, 'Eric, I will be your wife!'"

And Valerie, lifting a very cold, white, despairing face, said in a whisper, but distinct and firm, "I cannot."

Floyd slowly released her hand. "That is enough," he said; "my own eagerness has deceived me. I am not acceptable to you, and I have to apologize for forcing myself, my hopes and feelings, upon you as I have done. You have opened a new page of life to me, and, if the lesson is bitter, *you* are not to blame! Give me a kind look, and bid me god-speed; I will trouble you no more."

"I do indeed bid you god-speed," said Valerie, bursting into tears, and covering her face with her hands. "May you find a companion better in all ways than I could have been!"

"Is there *indeed* no chance for me?" said Floyd, still lingering.

"None, none! I beg of you to leave me."

Her eyes were still hidden, but she heard his retreating footsteps. The outer door was shut, she was alone, and how unspeakably desolate!

Mrs. Hartwell's dance was to take place about a week after this interview, and in the interim Sybil was too much occupied with her dress, with the mysterious disappearance of Eric Floyd from his accustomed haunts, and by the pleasant, flattering attentions of Captain Grey to notice the silence and stillness of Valerie. Even Miss Riddell was unusually unobservant; she was taken up by her negotiations with Madame Rosambert as to the terms on which she could compound for withdrawing Sybil without the ordinary three months' notice. She had come to the conclusion that Miss Owen derived much more harm than good from her sojourn in Neuilly, and had decided to place her under her uncle's personal care for the remainder of her stay in Europe.

"I must try and carry off Valerie Trevor with us," she thought; "she would be an excellent companion for Sybil, and it would do the poor girl good too. I have hardly seen her for the last week. I wonder she does not come up, as usual, to pay me a visit. I protest it must be trying to a young creature like her to hear Sybil's perpetual chatter about dress and amuse-

ment, and to share none of it." She rang and asked the servant who answered the summons if Mademoiselle Valerie had gone yet.

"Non, madame, pas encore."

"Beg her to pay me a little visit before she leaves."

"Bien, madame."

In a few minutes Valerie presented herself.

"What has become of you for the last week?" cried Miss Riddell, when she entered in her hat and gloves, with her cloak over her arm. "Good heavens, child, you look like a ghost! What have you been doing with yourself? Sit down there by the fire. I shall insist on your taking a glass of port wine; I always keep some for medicinal purposes. What is the matter with you, my dear?" and Miss Riddell went rapidly to one of those invaluable *placards* (cupboards in the wall) so common in French bedrooms, and took thence a small decanter and wineglass and administered a dose on the spot, the potency of which made Valerie cough.

"There is nothing the matter with me, I assure you," she said laughing at her friend's disturbance. "I have been working a little hard, for I have found another music pupil at Passy. It will not be for long, so I do not like to refuse."

"My dear, you are just killing yourself. This won't do. I am going to attack your uncle again. We are trying to arrange to leave on the 23rd of December if I can get Sybil off without forfeiting too large a sum; and we have set our hearts on taking you with us."

"And I on accompanying you, dear Miss Riddell," returned Valerie promptly and earnestly. "I have a new reason for desiring to leave my uncle."

"Aha!" exclaimed Miss Riddell, all alive to the coming revelation. "What is it, my dear?"

"My uncle has seen fit to plan a marriage for me," continued Valerie laughing, yet evidently annoyed; "a marriage with the son of an old comrade of his, and is exceedingly displeased that I cannot see the advantages of marrying a man as poor as myself and for whom I have not the least *penchant*. Of course I consider myself perfectly free to do as I like in the matter, but I foresee a good deal of worry. No doubt the poor old man thinks he is doing his best for me, but unless he renounces his project I will accept your offer and accompany you to England."

"Right, quite right, Valerie; but who is the man? What is he like?" asked

Miss Riddell, with the undying interest ever felt by kindly women in a question of love and marriage.

"He is a very good sort of man, a musician by profession, and doing very well."

"You could not like him, I suppose, Valerie? It is not his poverty only you object to?"

"I object in every way to him."

"Oh, my dear child, I understand your pallid looks; you are tormented out of your life. We must put a stop to this. When can I see your uncle?"

"When you like; only suppose you wait till after Wednesday, after Mrs. Hartwell's party. I know Sybil wanted to come. She would manage my uncle, I am sure, and I do not want to vex him more than I can help. She goes to-morrow to stay at Mrs. Hartwell's till after the *soirée*."

"Yes, I really do not feel well enough to dress and go out, and were I there I should be no sort of check on Sybil, so —"

"Un monsieur anglais veut parler avec madame," said Madeleine, entering.

"Faites-l'entrer. I suppose it is Eric Floyd. We have not seen him here for days."

"I must go," cried Valerie, starting up. "I am fearfully late already; to-morrow — I will see you to-morrow;" and she darted to the door, hoping to escape into Sybil's bedroom, which was opposite, but in vain. She nearly ran into Floyd's arms as he came in.

"Good evening," exclaimed Valerie hastily as she drew back. He bowed, stepped aside to let her pass, and she was gone.

"Well, Mr. Floyd, and pray what has become of you? Where have you hidden yourself?"

"Oh, I have been rather busy sight-seeing, for I am going to leave next Thursday. I am going to London for a few days, then on to Liverpool to embark for Canada."

"But, my dear sir, this is very sudden. I understood you were not to return till the spring. I trust you have no bad news from home?"

"No. There is no absolute necessity for my return, but I am sick of the conventionalities and littleness of Old World life, and especially sick of Paris; so if you have any commands for London I shall be happy to take them."

"You surprise me greatly. No, thank you, I have no commands. In fact, I

hope to be in London before Christmas myself."

"Indeed! and Sybil?"

"And Sybil also. I shall certainly not leave her here alone."

There was a pause. Floyd rose from the seat he had taken and walked over to the fireplace. "Miss Trevor is late this evening, is she not?" he asked, with some hesitation; "and isn't she looking — not well?"

"She is looking very ill, and I do not wonder at it," began Miss Riddell, and then checked herself. Perhaps it would be as well to quench any remains of Eric Floyd's whim for Valerie by giving him a misleading half of the information she had just received. "There is some matrimonial project on foot for her," she said, "and that is naturally disturbing."

Floyd looked at the fire moodily for a few minutes in silence, and laughed somewhat harshly. "They manage these matters very commercially in France," he said. "I wonder how any of their marriages turn out well?"

"No doubt of it," replied Miss Riddell tartly; "quite as well as many of our English *soi-disant* love matches, which begin in headstrong, selfish fancy and end in impatience and estrangement."

"Long may we keep our system, nevertheless!" he returned. "Where is Sybil? I should like to shake hands with her."

"She went out shopping this afternoon with one of the ladies who are staying in the house, and has not yet returned."

"Then you must say good-bye for me to her."

"Shall you not see her again at the Hartwells' dance?"

"I think not. I am not going."

"She will be sorry to have missed you."

"I suppose we are pretty sure to meet in Canada?"

"Do not be too sure. Some one may persuade her to stay at this side of the Atlantic."

"Not at all improbable," returned Floyd absently; and after a few more disjointed attempts at conversation, he made his adieux.

"I wonder what has happened to that young man," mused Miss Riddell, as she changed her cap for dinner. "Has he been losing at cards or gambling in any way? What a state Sybil will be in! I am sorry he is going, for he is a counter-irritant to that Captain Grey. I do wish Sybil were safe with my brother and off my hands. Never again will I undertake so terrible a task as to guide and direct a

young lady who is aware of her own independence. What a half-year I have had of it! Really Valerie has been my only comfort. Poor child, we must do something for her."

Miss Riddell was a little puzzled by the way in which Sybil took the startling intelligence of Eric Floyd's intended departure. She first screamed out a torrent of exclamations expressive of the most unbounded surprise, then she suddenly subsided into silence, and after cogitating for some minutes said, with a toss of her head, "I think he is right. I am sure nothing in Paris ever seems to give him any pleasure. He is just fit for his backwoods and nothing else." She then turned to the subject of her purchases that afternoon, and seemed to be in wild spirits all the evening.

The following morning she managed a *tête-à-tête* walk with Valerie, during which she relieved her feelings by an unbounded outpouring of indignation, regret, wounded pride, and not a little abuse of the guilty Eric, winding up by a declaration that no one should ever find out that she cared a straw about him. The feelings of her listener may perhaps be imagined as she felt that she had sacrificed herself in vain and refused the cup of love and joy that had been held to her lips — for what? — that the true, kind heart so frankly offered to her should pine and suffer for a while and then forget her. It was too bitter; yet what else could she have done? Had she listened to Eric, would she not have been treacherous to both friends? would she not have been counted the basest of the base? Ah, at what a price had she purchased the right to look Sybil in the face! She might well say, "All is lost, save honor." These were dark days for Valerie. None knew, save herself, their hopeless blackness.

Mrs. Hartwell's dance was a great success. There was no lack of "fair women," or we presume "brave men," and among the former none were fairer than Sybil Owen, who was charming in a costume of creamy India muslin and Breton lace, with crimson roses and velvet leaves. There was something pathetic in the shadows that flitted from time to time across her bright, sparkling face, and in her openly expressed regret for the absence of the one old friend she had in all Paris.

It was an uncomfortable evening to Miss Riddell. She had made all her arrangements for Sybil to spend a few days with Mrs. Hartwell, in the full certainty

that Eric Floyd's presence would neutralize any danger from Captain Grey, against whom she had been perhaps unjustly prejudiced. Now Floyd's unexpected retreat had left the coast clear for Grey's machinations; and, moreover, she had vague fears that Mrs. Hartwell, to whom he was distantly related, would favor his schemes. She therefore resolved to seek her niece a day sooner than was promised, and endeavor to carry her off to Neuilly, and despatched a note to her to that effect.

The day but one after the dance Mrs. Hartwell and her daughters had agreed to spend a long afternoon at the Louvre — the Gallery, not the Grands Magasins. The arrival of Miss Riddell's note, however, and some unwanted fit of obedience or depression, or desire for a patient listener in Valerie, induced Sybil to await her aunt instead of accompanying her friends, who had appointed to meet some newly arrived acquaintances. Major Hartwell stayed at home for a while and tried to amuse his young guest, which proving more of a task than he expected, he discovered he had letters of importance to write, and giving her the last *Times* left her to her own devices. These were limited to sitting by the fire on a low chair with her hand clasped round her knee gazing at the glowing logs, and deeply sunk in what she would herself have termed "the doleful dumps." How long she had thus sat she did not know, when the drawing-room door opened and the *femme de chambre* ushered in a gentleman, saying, as she did so, "I will tell monsieur that you await him."

The gentleman was Captain Grey, well dressed, erect, keen, cool as ever.

"Ah, Miss Owen, I did not expect to find you here," he said, advancing to shake hands with her. "I was in hopes of joining the party to the Louvre, and being too late I thought I should pay my respects to Major Hartwell. Have you quarrelled with your hosts that they have gone without you?"

"No. Aunt Hetty has written to say she is coming for me to-day."

"To-day? And what is to become of our dinner at Vélour's — our visit to the Opéra Comique — if you are to be carried off to the wilds of Neuilly?"

"I don't know," returned Sybil, still gazing sadly at the fire; and added in desponding accents, "what is more, I don't care."

"Great heavens!" cried Captain Grey,

with deep interest. "This is an awful state of things. What has happened?"

Here the *femme de chambre* re-entered.

"Monsieur is gone out. I have sought for him everywhere."

"N'importe," returned Grey as the girl retired. "I need not go, I suppose?"

"I wish you would stay and talk. My aunt does not come for me till three. That is more than an hour to wait, and I am wretched by myself."

"Pray tell me what annoys you," said Captain Grey, drawing a chair opposite her, and looking with decided admiration and sympathy at the pretty figure and piquante face before him. "I assure you I am quite sorry to see you unhappy. What has vexed you?"

"Everything," was the comprehensive reply.

"That is tremendous," said Captain Grey solemnly. "What is to be done?"

"Oh, you can do nothing."

"Are you sure?" insinuatingly. "I would at any rate *try* to do a good deal for you."

"You are very kind." A pause — then Sybil resumed: "You are great friends with Eric Floyd, are you not?"

"Yes; he is a first-rate fellow — we are regular chums."

"Then, *why* does he go away in this sudden fashion?"

"Ah, he did not tell me."

"Have you no idea?"

"As to that, I may have my ideas, but they are pure conjecture."

"Do tell me!"

"I really have nothing to tell."

"You said you conjectured something. I wish you would tell me."

"Can I trust you? Will you keep what I am going to say entirely and completely to yourself?"

"Yes — entirely, completely, utterly," cried Sybil, blazing with curiosity.

"Well, I have only my own ideas for a guide, remember. Eric never said a syllable on which I could found my theories. He can hold his tongue."

"Never mind! do tell me what you think."

"Well," resumed Captain Grey, watching her closely, "my theory is that he is madly in love with your graceful friend, Miss Trevor, and that she has rejected him."

"In love with Val! Why do you think so?"

"My conviction is drawn from a mass of minute observations," returned Captain

Grey laughing. "It would take me a week to tell them all."

Sybil sat quite still for a moment or two, then started to her feet and caught the back of a sofa which stood near, with both hands. "What a vain, silly, selfish wretch I have been!" she exclaimed with vehemence. "I see it all now."

"What do you see?" asked Captain Grey, a good deal surprised.

"That I have done mischief; perhaps irreparable mischief. What *shall* I do? What can I do?"

"How can I tell unless you explain yourself?"

"I understand now why Valerie — poor, dear Val — has been so pale and silent. She has refused him because she thought I — I was in love with him. Why, I thought so myself, and he really loved *her* all the time. What a fool I have made of myself! I am ashamed to see you, or that you should see me. Do go away, Captain Grey."

"No, you must not send me away," he returned gently. "Come, sit down and let us see what is to be done." He took her hand and tried to draw her back to her seat, but she snatched it away, and, covering her face, burst into tears. "My dear Miss Owen — Sybil! I cannot bear to see you distress yourself in this way," cried Captain Grey. "What have you done? Nothing but coquette with your old friend in a very innocent fashion, though distracting to the lookers-on, at least to one of them. Why should this call forth such poignant self-reproach?"

"You do not know what a thoughtless, heartless stupid I have been, thinking of nothing but my own vanity. I have chattered continually of Eric Floyd till Valerie no doubt thought I was quite wrapped up in him."

"Then you are not?" put in Captain Grey quickly.

"Just now, no! A thousand things come back to me. I am sure you are right; Eric was — is — in love with Val! and I fancy she must like him, and — and my nonsense has broken it all up. Poor, dear Val! she is so good, and she has had such a miserable life, and now to lose a chance of happiness! Oh! oh! don't you see what a mischievous wretch I have been? Don't you think me hateful?"

"May I say *what* I think?" said Captain Grey, again taking her hand, and this time drawing her to the sofa where he sat down beside her.

"Yes, do; I wish you would abuse me — I deserve it."

"Sybil, I have always found you a fascinating, provoking, piquante little witch. I now see you have a true, honest heart that any man might be proud to win. Put Eric Floyd out of your head, or rather put me in his place. I have tried *not* to be fond of you, for I have little to share with you beyond the indifferent fortunes of a man who has been foolish and imprudent, but I *think* we might not be unhappy together."

"What, could you care about such a wild, silly, good-for-nothing creature as I am?" cried Sybil, her dark eyes sparkling through her tears, and her whole face instinct with frank surprise.

"Could I?" cried Grey, kissing her hand and then pressing it to his heart.

"Who could help loving you, you little darling? Don't you see I am as great a fool about you as Eric can possibly be about your friend? Come, Sybil, let me keep this little hand of yours, and, by Heaven, you shall never repent giving it to me!"

This declaration came most opportunely to soothe and heal the deep wounds Sybil's self-love had just sustained. Moreover, Captain Grey was not a wooer to be lightly rejected. He was resolute, self-confident, impassioned, and, until Floyd had appeared, he had been a hero in Sybil's eyes. Now a strange thrill of softness, of regret, of vague longing to be better, went quivering through her veins. "I think you are very g — g — good to care about me," she sobbed, her tears flowing more gently, and the hand Grey held trembling in his grasp. To press her to him tenderly, to kiss away her tears, to whisper words of loving flattery, was only natural and irresistible, and before she well knew what she was saying, Sybil had promised to be his wife.

"But, all the same, what are we to do about Valerie?"

"I will contrive to persuade Floyd not to leave Paris for a few days longer, and so gain time."

"If Val could only be persuaded that I do not really care a straw for Eric — at any rate *now*," with a blush.

"I hope not," said Grey, smiling, as he yielded to her effort to disengage herself from him. "I imagine when she knows you are engaged to me —"

"She will think I did it just to bring Eric and herself together."

"Come, this is rather an overdose of magnanimity, is it not?"

"Not a bit. Do not be disagreeable, and — and, Captain Grey, when you go to

speak to Aunt Hetty and Uncle James about me, there will be an awful row. They think you—oh, I do not know what they think you."

"I am sure I am much obliged;" and Captain Grey was silent for a few moments of very deep thought, from which he roused himself to exclaim, "Sybil, my darling, I have hit on a plan by which we can remove some difficulties and convince Miss Trevor of your indifference to Floyd, if —"

A loud ring interrupted him.

"Oh, good gracious! it is Aunt Hetty. I must run away and put on my hat. Do not say a word to her of—of anything;" and Sybil hastily beat up the sofa-cushion against which she had been leaning.

"One word. Contrive to be at the seals' pond in the Jardin d'Acclimatation to-morrow morning between ten and eleven. If not there to-morrow, I will look for you next day at the same time."

"I suppose it's awfully wrong, but I—I will go," whispered Sybil, flying through the door which led into the next room, in the delightful foreign fashion which never leaves one without a means of retreat, and the next moment Captain Grey was under fire—that is, bowing before Miss Riddell's awful presence.

CHAPTER VI.

MISS RIDDELL was much impressed by the change which seemed to have come to Sybil Owen since Mrs. Hartwell's party and Eric Floyd's departure. She was quieter, kinder, more attentive to her aunt, who began to admit that possibly she might have some good in her after all; and Valerie, though taken up with her private griefs, to say nothing of the special worry respecting his project of marrying her to his old friend's son, instituted by her uncle, could not help observing that Sybil was unusually silent and tender in her ways, bestowing frequent sudden uncalled-for hugs and kisses on her friend, and that sometimes she appeared on the point of uttering something which she checked with abrupt, transparent suppression. Nevertheless, the alteration was for the better, and Valerie imagined that she had come to some secret understanding with Eric Floyd, especially as she never mentioned him or Captain Grey, nor did they ever encounter the latter gentleman in their walks to and from lecture or lesson.

"I think Captain Grey must have gone with his friend Mr. Floyd," said Valerie, one afternoon, about ten days after the

Hartwells' dance. "We never see him now."

"Oh, he has gone to see his mother, Lady Grey, at Dover," said Sybil absently. "As to Eric, are you sure he has left Paris?"

"I know nothing about him except what you and Miss Riddell tell me," returned Valerie, rather surprised.

"Ah, well, I am not sure about anything. I mean —"

They walked on in silence for a little way (they were returning from the singing-class); then Sybil exclaimed, *à propos* of nothing, "I do not think anything makes one so good as feeling that somebody loves you—really, you know, with all his or her heart."

"Certainly! Nothing constrains like affection."

"Just so. That is the reason I was always better with you than any one else! I do love you, Valerie!" squeezing her arm tightly, "and I believe you will be very happy one of these days! But there, I must not begin to talk, for I always say too much."

"You are quite mysterious, Sybil. Are you going to be worthy your name and predict my fortunes?"

"No." A long pause. "Valerie, I want you to spend to-morrow afternoon with me, though it is your half holiday."

"Very well, dear; I am sure I do not care to go home, it is not like home to me!"

But the following afternoon there was a change of plans. Sybil had received a note in the morning from Mrs. Hartwell, inviting her to dine, go to the opera, and sleep at the Rue de L—, which invitation Miss Riddell had permitted her niece to accept. So Valerie helped her to pack a hand portmanteau, and bade her "Au revoir." She was surprised to see that Sybil looked pale, and that the hand she held was tremulous.

"Are you not well, dear?"

"Oh yes, quite well; that is, I have a slight cold. I will go and lie down till about four o'clock. I do not want to be too early at the Hartwells'. Are you going now?"

"Yes. Miss Riddell is coming with Miss Smith and myself to look at the skaters, it is so beautiful to-day. Then I shall go on home."

"Well, good-bye, dear, dear Valerie"—with a sudden impulse Sybil threw her arms round her neck and kissed her warmly. Pondering on what could have moved her friend to such a demonstra-

tion, Valerie ran quickly down-stairs to meet Miss Riddell and Miss Smith, to whom Miss Green had joined herself.

"Existence is a positive pleasure in such weather," exclaimed Miss Riddell, stepping briskly forward. She had quite recovered from her cold and was in unusually good spirits. "One believes and hopes on a day like this! I want you to hope too, Valerie. You must arrange with your uncle to see me the day after to-morrow; it will be better to pay my visit in your absence. Sybil may not be back in time to come with me; but that is no matter. I have settled with Madame Rosambert. We are to leave in a fortnight. Sybil will go to my brother's; but I have a snug little *piéd à terre* of my own in London, where you shall come and stay with me."

"You are indeed kind," cried Valerie. "Yes, I *must* go with you. I feel as if I could not bear to stay behind!"

"And I am determined you shall not," said Miss Riddell resolutely. "Now we must talk to those girls! Will you undertake Miss Green?"

A fall of snow during the night had cleared and softened the air, and nothing could be brighter or more cheering than the aspect of the lake in the Bois de Boulogne. A space between the island and the right bank at the upper end of the lake had been well swept, the trees on the gently shelving banks were lightly strewn with frozen snow, which glittered and sparkled in the clear wintry sunlight as if some fairy had scattered jewels broadcast. The sky spread out a boundless space of deepest blue, free from the smallest cloudlet. The snow—crisp, dry, and beaten down by the many pedestrians—offered a pleasant path, and below, on the lake, skimmed and gyrated a variegated crowd—red-skirted, sable-mantled ladies, with bright-tinted feathers in their hats; here a uniform and there a gaily-painted sleigh pushed by the gentleman in attendance on its fair inmate.

Miss Riddell and her companions walked quickly to and fro on the path beside the ice, admiring the performances of some, laughing at the awkwardness of others. Poor Valerie smiled and spoke mechanically, looking wistfully at the animated scene, grieving, with a strange numb pain, that she could not enjoy it—that life, the world, her whole outlook was changed and shrouded in a dull, grey mist of hopelessness and indifference.

"Look!" cried Miss Riddell suddenly. "Isn't that Eric Floyd skimming away

like lightning, going toward the bridge between the two islands?"

"Where?" cried Miss Green. "Is he the gentleman that used to skate so beautifully with Miss Owen?"

"I thought he had left Paris," said Valerie, her heart suddenly waking from its torpor to beat wildly, suffocatingly.

"So did I," returned Miss Riddell. "In fact, he seemed too disgusted with Paris to remain another hour."

"There—there is the Canadian who skates so wonderfully," said one or two French gentlemen who paused beside them.

"I thought he was no longer here."

"But where is the *mignonne Anglaise* who used to skate with him always? He is alone, n'est-ce pas?"

How eagerly Valerie strained her eyes to catch a glimpse of the figure she knew so well! How bitterly she regretted her own stupidity that missed seeing him as he passed! Surely, she was unusually dull and unobservant. Meantime, Miss Riddell looked about her with considerable curiosity, and uttered a good many explanations expressive of her surprise, her bewilderment, at Mr. Floyd's sudden reappearance.

"I dare say he is looking for Sybil and myself," she said. "I will stay here a while, as he may return."

"Then I must say good-bye," said Valerie. "My uncle no doubt already expects me."

"I will not keep you," returned Miss Riddell, "and I shall make my way to Passy on Saturday."

"Thank you, dear Miss Riddell. Do not stay too late; it will be very cold when the sun is down."

Valerie slowly ascended the bank, but did not take the shortest route to Passy. No doubt the view down the lake from the road that crosses between the upper and the lower sheet of water would be very pretty; she therefore walked on in that direction, looking keenly, intensely down upon the skaters, hoping to distinguish the figure which had escaped her notice before. She was confused and upset, and shrank in a way quite new to her from the idea of her somewhat uncongenial home. Had she indeed done well or wisely in rejecting so honest and true a gentleman as Eric Floyd, and for so slight a reason? She almost thought that if she had it to do again she would not. At this point in her vague reflections, she heard some screams and a confusion of many voices, which seemed to come from

the opposite side of the island. She also noticed that numbers of persons began to walk rapidly, some indeed to run round the bend of the road beyond her. "Some accident, I am afraid," she thought, but hesitated to press on, fearing to see some painful sight or become entangled with a crowd. Still, a strange anxiety would not let her turn her steps to Passy, so she lingered, hoping to gain some information respecting the cause of the excitement.

Presently, one of the gentlemen who had remarked on Floyd's skating came up as if from the scene of what Valerie supposed was an accident, accompanied by an elderly lady who was speaking with much animation. "The only unsafe spot," she was saying in French, "and the *gardiens* warned him in vain! If his head had not got under the ice he might have been saved. As it was —"

"Forgive me, madame," said Valerie, stung by a sudden, unaccountable fear, "can you tell me if an accident has occurred?"

"Mais oui, mademoiselle, a fatal accident," replied the gentleman. "One of the best skaters has ventured too rashly on a dangerous part of the ice at the other side there, and in a moment was immersed! I know not if he injured himself in falling, but I have just seen him carried to the bank quite dead."

"Have you any idea who —" She paused, feeling herself grow cold.

"Yes, the unfortunate gentleman was well known. He is the Canadian whose skating was so remarkable. What a blow his death will be to the pretty English girl who used to be his partner!"

While he still spoke Valerie darted away. For a moment her senses seemed to leave her. She forgot the whole world in the wild desire to look on Eric's face once more, alive or dead — to touch his hand, to kiss his cold cheek. Oh, if she had but told him how dear he was to her! Could it be that he had ceased to breathe, to live, to love? The air about her, the tramp of the passers-by, seemed to echo and re-echo the terrible words "quite dead."

Many turned to look at the slight, graceful girl, whose young face was so white and set as she hurried past without seeing them; and so she sped on, till, turning to descend a path which led down to where a crowd by the water's edge was slowly dispersing, she almost ran against a gentleman who was coming in the opposite direction — a very tall gentleman, in a loose brown overcoat and a fur cap, with a

pair of skates over his arm. She stopped and uttered a cry, then clasping his arm with both her hands she cried, "Eric, Eric! ah, good heavens, it is not true! You are safe! You are well! You did not fall through the ice! You are — ah, what have I said? You will think I have lost my senses, Mr. Floyd; but I was so shocked, so startled!" — her voice died away, though her lips still moved and quivered.

Floyd looked down upon her first with utter and extreme astonishment, then a light began to sparkle in his eyes. He laid one hand for a moment on hers which held his arm. "I understand," he said: "some one has told you I had gone through and been drowned. It was one of the sweepers; but they have got him out and he is coming round. Valerie" — the way he uttered her name was a caress — "you can hardly stand. There is a sheltered seat across here behind the rocks. You must sit down and recover yourself."

How she reached it Valerie never knew. She was in a maze of joy, terror, confusion, and so shaken that she instinctively clung to Floyd's arm. When they were safe in the nook to which he guided her, Eric took both her hands in his, and holding them gently, firmly, exclaimed: "Then you care whether I am dead or alive — care enough to lose your color, your self-command? My dear, if you cared even a little for me, why have you given me such pain?"

Valerie could hardly articulate. "I do not know what you can think, but had I not better go home?"

"My love — my dear," he exclaimed passionately, "you have let me see a little bit of your heart, and I will never let you go again. Tell me why you would not listen to me the other day. When I told you you were all the world to me, why did you refuse me?"

Then brokenly, hesitatingly, Valerie confessed her dread of interfering with Sybil; of disappointing Miss Riddell; of upsetting the family schemes. "You do not know how sweet and kind Sybil was to me, and I have not met so much kindness in my life that I can afford to be ungrateful, so —"

"Sybil cares for nothing so much as her own vanity. I am exceedingly obliged to you all for disposing of me; but you see I had fixed my own thoughts and hopes in a different direction."

"Then," urged Valerie, collecting herself, "it was all so sudden, so unlooked

for, that I could hardly believe you would care much — very deeply, I mean — and I could not bear to be treacherous.”

“Yes, it is, or *has* been, sudden,” said Floyd thoughtfully. “Six weeks ago I did not know you existed, and now, in spite of your coldness, your rejection, you have grown part of myself. Valerie, you must not play with these fantastic notions of honor any longer. Look at me, dearest, and let me read the truth in your eyes.”

And Valerie, in some inexplicable way, found herself compelled to raise her loving, pathetic grey eyes to his.

What he read there at any rate seemed to give him strange delight. He murmured something like a thanksgiving, and after a short, expressive silence, exclaimed: “Come, I must not let you stay here in the cold. You are shivering already. A quick walk to Passy will warm you.” He rose and offered his arm to her.

“Are you coming with me?” asked Valerie, half frightened.

“Of course I am,” said Floyd laughing — such a happy laugh! “The sooner I have it out with your uncle the better. I hope to make it all right, though you will be an awful loss to him.”

Even among the sorrows and struggles and imperfections of this life there are rare moments of rest, of unspeakable blessedness, which, could they last, would leave nothing to imagine of heaven, and those which followed while Valerie and her lover traversed the short interval between the lakes and her abode dwelt forever in the memory of both as supremely blissful. Valerie said very little; but Eric Floyd poured out his heart, his hopes, his plans, his whole scheme of life, and behold it was very good.

Arrived at the ex-captain's quarters Valerie was surprised to find he had gone out, so the *concierge* informed her, with “le petit monsieur,” which Valerie understood to mean the gentleman intended by her uncle for her husband.

“My uncle is out,” she said to Floyd. “I am very sorry.”

“But may I not come in? Just for a few minutes. I have not said half I want to say, and it is not much more than four o'clock. How am I to get through the evening after you send me away?”

“Do you know that all the people in the house will think it very shocking of me to walk with you, and still more so to admit you when my uncle is not at home?” said Valerie smiling.

“The deuce they will!” cried Floyd. “But when we are going to be married they will understand —”

How sweet and strange it was to receive Eric Floyd in the somewhat dreary *salon*, to have his help in lighting the lamp; to show him her mother's picture; to feel that the good God had sent her a love nearly as true and tender as that dear mother's; and when, in talking of her and the many trials of the last three years, the big tears slowly gathered and welling over gemmed her long eyelashes, it was not without a sense of solemnity that Valerie yielded to the impulse with which Floyd caught her hands and raising them to his neck folded her in his arms, pressing a soft, warm, lingering kiss on the sweet tremulous lips that had just told the simple story of her troubles.

“To-morrow, then! You do not wish me to see your uncle till to-morrow! But you must let me soon carry you away to our wild, beautiful home. Ah, Valerie, you are all my own now!”

Miss Riddell had had her early cup of coffee the day but one after this happy explanation, and completed her toilet as far as a handsome *robe de chambre* and a neat morning cap, when Madeleine announced that Mademoiselle Valerie wished to speak with her.

“Certainly,” cried Miss Riddell, and in a few minutes that young lady entered.

“I am glad to see you,” said Miss Riddell, holding out her hand. “Come near the fire; it is abominably cold, and no sunlight to cheat us into believing it like summer, when we are really perishing.”

Valerie came in quickly and kissed her effusively without speaking.

“Why, you are looking uncommonly well! And they told me you were ill or obliged to go home early yesterday. Was M. le Capitaine unwell? This cold —”

“Oh no,” interrupted Valerie, with a sweet but somewhat embarrassed laugh. “He was a little cross and upset, but —” She paused.

“Ah! I suppose about this tiresome marriage?”

“Yes,” said Valerie, looking down, “it certainly was about my marriage.”

“Then I had better not go and see him to-day. It will suit me better, too, for I must go and bring Sybil home. I quite expected her yesterday morning. I do not know what Mrs. Hartwell will think of her flighty, independent ways. What is the matter with you, Valerie? There is something wrong.”

"Dear Miss Riddell, I have something dreadful to tell you. At least, you will think it dreadful."

"Speak then, you stupid child, and don't stop short to twist your fingers. What have you done?"

"What I am sure will vex you," cried Valerie, rushing with desperate courage on the avowal. "I have promised to marry Mr. Floyd."

Miss Riddell had just picked up a small log to throw on the fire when this appalling announcement met her ear. She let it fall and stood a moment gazing at the speaker, then she resumed her log, placed it on the fire, and said in a dry tone: "The last fault I should have laid to your charge, Valerie Trevor, is duplicity. I am sorry my knowledge of character has been so much at fault."

"But indeed, indeed I have not deceived you. I tried hard not to have anything to do with him, and then when I saw that I was really necessary to him——"

"Stuff and nonsense!" cried Miss Riddell contemptuously. "As if a woman was ever *necessary* to any man!"

"Well, he seemed to think I was," said poor Valerie modestly; and gathering courage she proceeded to describe the progress of her acquaintance with Eric to the final understanding.

"A pretty noodle I shall appear," exclaimed Miss Riddell, "in the eyes of my brother and every one who trusted in my shrewdness and knowledge of the world to bring things into train for the settlement of Sybil! Poor Sybil! I must say I feel for *her*. However you may satisfy your own conscience, Valerie, your conduct will have a treacherous aspect to her, and she was so fond of you."

"Pray, do not be so hard," cried Valerie, tears starting to her eyes; but Miss Riddell went on without heeding her.

"She is a foolish, flighty creature, but I begin to believe she *has* a heart, and it was all given to Eric Floyd. The news of this—this—treachery, I must call it by its right name, will be a bitter blow."

Poor Valerie's heart sank into the soles of her shoes. She felt the guiltiest wretch on earth. Before she could reply Madeleine entered with a letter. "Ah, this is from my poor niece," said Miss Riddell, looking at it severely. "I hope she is going to stay a few days with the Hartwells. It will give me time to tell her the news. I know something of such bitterness, and I believe it will go far to break her young heart." Miss Riddell opened the letter as she spoke, while Valerie sat silent,

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overpowered at hearing her own doubts and self-reproaches put into words; but after glancing at the first page Miss Riddell uttered a horrified "Good heavens!" and let the hand which held the letter drop to her side.

"What—what is the matter?" cried Valerie, alarmed.

"I am the blindest, most dolted spinster of my age in all England," said Miss Riddell with an air of conviction. "Just listen to this, Valerie. It is dated from Dover:—

"MY DEAR AUNT, — You will be surprised to see where I am, but I cannot make a long story of it. Captain Grey persuaded me to come here to stay with his mother, Lady Grey, and as he seems fonder of me than any one else ever was, I am going to marry him to-morrow morning! Then we go, I really do not know where, for a few weeks before coming to London. You see he is obliged to join his regiment at Lahore early in February. This is the reason why he wanted to marry at once; for by the time he had got over all the trouble you and Uncle James and papa would have been sure to make it would have been to late, and he feared losing me if he went without me. But I should have stuck to him through thick and thin. Do not be too angry, aunty. I am really fond of you, though you can be so disagreeable, and you did not like me a bit. No one did except Val and George. You see if I am not a first-rate wife. Tell Val, with my love, to make haste and marry Eric. He was dying about her, and he really is a good fellow. Good-bye. God bless you! I hope to give you a hug and a kiss in London. Before you read this I shall be

'SYBIL GREY.'

"Now can you forgive me?" cried Valerie, "and may I call Mr. Floyd and tell him the news?"

"Why, where is he?"

"Down-stairs; he walked over from Passy with me."

"Good heavens! Yes, call him. But this is a blow;" and Miss Riddell sat silent for a moment or two till she had greeted Eric. "I am horribly angry and ashamed," she said, with the sound of tears in her voice. "Sybil has disgraced me and herself."

"Do not be too hard upon her," said Eric kindly. "I am certainly very angry with Grey; he ought not to have persuaded her to such a step; but he is a man of prompt and resolute action, and very much

in love. Still, he ought not. As to Sybil, remember her wild, impulsive nature, and that she had no mother or home to leave, and till very lately *you* were a stranger to her."

"At any rate," observed Miss Riddell crossly, "I see it is a vain task to try and play providence to headstrong young people. I only hope none of you may repent the part you have chosen."

Parents and guardians intending to send young ladies to perfect themselves in French "acquired in Paris" may like to know that Madame Rosambert has furnished herself with a resident *institutrice* of the severest morals and forbidding aspect; also that in addition to the former advantages of her pension she can offer the constant presence of a venerable relative and distinguished officer, whose noble and elegant manners, cultivated conversation, and pure French are of the greatest importance to her pupils.

Indeed, M. le Capitaine Latour, who now occupies Miss Riddell's rooms, is one of madame's best-paying *pensionnaires*, immensely petted by the young ladies, looked up to by all, lapped in a perfect paradise of gratified conceit, and successful, as consistent selfishness so often is, to the last.

From All The Year Round.
REMINISCENCES OF JAMAICA.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART I.

THE entrance from seaward into the harbor of Port Royal, is protected by cays or coral reefs, apparently not long risen above the surface, as little soil has collected upon them, and one is nearly awash. They bear curious old-world names, taken from the ancient navigators' charts, and suggesting wild orgies indulged in under the brazen sun while conducting the survey of the harbor. Drunken-men's Cay, Rum Cay, Gun Cay, are all of small dimensions, clothed with green nearly to the water's edge.

It is a lovely sight on nearing these cays to watch the water gradually shoal. Little by little the limpid depths grow clearer and greener, till a fairy forest of living, breathing coral appears as if but an inch or two below the surface; you cannot believe that six feet of water rolls over it. Sea-urchins, sea-anemones, starfish, and other fleshy zoophytes enjoy

themselves in their own flabby way among the corals, expanding and collapsing with the gently heaving water, but retiring within themselves and lying flat at the bottom, shapeless jellies, at the slightest hint of capture. Nothing more lovely can be conceived than the corals as seen from a boat. Large flat masses of the shape of a toadstool, great white branches like a deer's antlers, tipped with blue, red, and violet, rear themselves towards the surface in fragile loveliness, while mounds of brainstone look as smooth and round as if fresh from a mason's hands. Delicate, filmy seaweed of every tint forms a soft carpet, showing off by contrast the brilliant whiteness of the coral, but disappointing when brought to the surface—a collapsed mass of pulp. Night falls here so suddenly, without any intervening twilight, as to leave little enough time for getting home while a glimmer remains sufficient to steer clear of the coral reefs just awash. It is particularly disagreeable to hear, when hurrying homewards belated, crunch, crunch, crunch, as a sharp spike of coral penetrates the thin sides of the boat, and you are left lamenting, up to the knees in water, and despair at your heart, till perchance somebody sees you from the ships, and comes to the rescue.

One of our pleasantest amusements, albeit rather a toilsome one, was a picnic to Rock Spring, the source of the water-supply, ten miles away, at the head of Kingston Harbor. Having succeeded at great personal labor in collecting all who consented to be dragged from their beds at four-thirty A.M., a start was made in the gun-boat "Heron," steam-tender to the commodore's flag-ship, about five. Arriving at about seven, and landing on the piles, you walk at first in single file beside the aqueduct and pipes that convey the water to the holds of the tank-vessels. The reservoir is hewn out of solid grey-green rock on the side of Long Mountain; it is capable of containing over two hundred tons of water, and though six feet deep, is of such a lovely transparency, that it is difficult to believe you are not looking into an empty space with a clean, rocky bottom. The water oozes through a fissure in the green stone; it is not known where the spring exactly rises, but the water is absolutely clean, pure, wholesome, and free from the shadow of impurity—I say this, because in yellow-fever epidemics the water-supply is the first thing to be suspected. Beneath, lies a tranquil vale far from pollution or human habitation. At a respectful distance (lest

a single leaf should fall and taint the carefully guarded water) bananas wave and fruit, while the course of a small stream is marked by an impervious forest of strong *Osmunda regalis*, measuring from twelve to seventeen feet in height, thickly carpeted with peppermint and water-cress.

The scene of our picnic was usually laid higher up the mountain, between the great, buttress-like roots of a particularly large cotton-tree. Breakfast being ready, also several additional guests from Kingston, Up Park, and the Gardens, tea, coffee, and especially iced claret cup by the gallon, disappeared as soon as made; and black crabs, deliciously cooked in their shells; cold calipiver (the salmon of Jamaica), taken in the mountain lakes; chickens fed by ourselves upon the white meat of the cocoanut; excellent eggs; scones; oranges; neesberries, a rough, brown fruit, second to none when eaten at the exact moment of perfection; "matrimony," a delicious compound composed of star-apples, oranges, ice, and sugar, form a repast not to be despised. Cigars and idleness followed, after which the light-hearted middies amused themselves by making the young king of Mosquito wash up the tumblers and glasses.

"William Henry Clarence," so named in honor of our sailor king, William the Fourth, who was a great patron of his father and uncle, succeeded at a very early age to the almost barren honors of the kingdom of Mosquito on the death of his uncle, a courteous sable gentleman, whose end was unlimited conviviality.

This poor young lad of eighteen died — it is believed by poison — about a year after returning to Blewfields, Honduras, his seat of government, which might have become an enlightened and habitable place had his life been spared to exercise any authority. He was of a singularly amiable disposition, talented and well-meaning, with fine Indian features and straight, black hair. Much care had been bestowed upon his education by the Baptists to whom he had been confided, but he had the instincts of a soldier, and told me in confidence how he longed to be sent to a military college, but the funds available for his education out of the Mosquito "civil list" did not allow of any wild extravagance. On such festive occasions as a grand luncheon at the Admiralty House the young king was attired in a blue military frock-coat and cap, with gold buttons and red facings, rendered regal by a broad, light-blue, watered ribbon, worn across his chest, like the Order

of the Bath, in which he took immense pride.

Fleeing before the first hot rays of the advancing sun, we usually got home by half past ten, just as the sea breeze set in, bathed and rested for the day.

Opposite Port Royal, and guarding the entrance to Kingston harbor, are two once important forts, Apostles' Battery and Fort Augusta. To seaward of the former is Green Bay, a place celebrated in olden days for duels. Nothing now rewards a visit here, but the grave of a Frenchman, Lewis Baldy, of whom it is recounted on his tombstone that in the great earthquake of 1692 he was swallowed up at Port Royal and disgorged again into the sea, but survived this extraordinary experience for many years.

Beyond Green Bay again, on the most hopelessly sterile spot in Jamaica, herd together under government supervision the lepers of the island. Shunned by all mankind, bereft of everything that makes life endurable, they yet live on without hope or joy, often till extreme old age. When you have said they have enough food, you have said all. These poor souls are beyond the reach of everything but death, and even that last enemy is in no hurry to claim them.

At Fort Augusta, besides the powder-magazine, there is still standing a great range of barracks, tenanted only by flocks of pigeons and by bats and owls. The graveyard attached to the fort is full of tablets to the memory of a vast army who were allowed to perish of yellow fever in this pestilential place. In these days of sanitary precautions, it seems astonishing that Englishmen should have been brought out here, planted ashore at Fort Augusta — a place surrounded by marshes and black, stagnant, reedy estuaries, now the home of alligators and screech-owls — and have been allowed, about seventy to one hundred years ago, to have died like rotten sheep. Half hidden among giant cacti, mangrove, and cashew, a scrub, impenetrable, and not even picturesque, are to be found hundreds of tons of old thirty-two pounders, which, apparently to save trouble and get them out of the way when the two or three big guns replaced them, were pitched from the ramparts into the thicket, where they lie half-buried in marshy *débris*. Various projects for shipping some of this valuable old iron are always being formed, with, as far as I know, no immediate result.

Apostles' Battery is perched on a slight rocky prominence, and is far healthier

than Fort Augusta. The ruinous buildings are still made use of occasionally for a quarantine hospital. Port Henderson, close by, possesses a celebrated well and bath, blasted out of the rock and arched over with greenish-grey stone. Looking down into it you are quite unable to determine its depth, or, indeed, whether it contains any water at all, it is so absolutely clear and transparent. Once a poor young midshipman, fancying the bath must be very deep, took a header into it; striking violently against the bottom, his neck was dislocated, and he died in a few hours.

Food is a difficulty at Port Royal — eatables are only to be obtained from the market at Kingston, five miles off. Beef alone is cheaper than in England, mutton dearer and nastier; goat is very frequently substituted for mutton, though, when taxed with the fraud, the butcher disclaims the insinuation with scorn. Fowls are remarkably thin and tough, and I often gave a shilling for four eggs. Turtle is cheap — sixpence a pound for fine, fat alderman's turtle; but notwithstanding its cheapness, an accomplished cook prefers to have plenty of beef stock and calves' feet, wherewith to make the soup both strong and gelatinous, before any turtle at all is put into it — in fact, the turtle is the least ingredient in good turtle-soup! Black crabs are easily obtainable; we, however, always had grave doubts as to the nature of the last food upon which they had gorged themselves, and so they were educated in barrels for three weeks upon barley-meal. The crabs are then boiled, minced, seasoned, and served up in their shells. One of our party was awaked in the middle of the night by a most curious sound, as of some creature being dragged along the corridor, occasionally tapping a sharp little heel. Daylight revealed a large black crab which had escaped from the barrel, mounted a long flight of steps, and had finally taken refuge upon the mosquito-net of the bed, where it clung desperately by one claw. Game there is none; a few little sand-pipers were sometimes shot on the palisades between the lights, and were not bad. Fish are coarse and tasteless, so that gourmands have a bad time of it in Jamaica.

Servants are a grave difficulty; the climate is too trying for English people, whereas our Barbadian or Jamaican cook and cook's mate really enjoyed themselves in an atmosphere resembling the tropical orchid-house at Kew Gardens. One was horribly dirty, the next inordi-

nately fat, the last, a Barbadian, clean, and a very tolerable cook, though wasteful and extravagant, and his turtle-soup was excellent enough to cover a multitude of sins.

I often heard that the native servants were revengeful; on one occasion only did we find them so. A young black girl in our employ, who had come to us highly recommended, was convicted of flagrant misconduct; she was accordingly warned to pack up her things, and be ready to go to Kingston by the steam-launch in the morning. During the afternoon the iced water in a cooler, always standing in the dining-room, was observed to present a cloudy, whitish appearance; so much so, that it was thrown away untasted. Next morning when our early coffee was poured out, a broad yellow stain still remained on the side of the cup. I sent for the cook and pointed it out to him; he seemed to know perfectly well what was the matter with it, and quickly carried it away, hurriedly saying: "I bring missus fresh coffee." Before I had the least realized that an attempt had been made to poison us, the coffee was poured away. I afterwards found out that, after being dismissed, the girl hovered about the kitchen all the afternoon, quite an unusual thing, and was the first up in the morning, still loitering about the kitchen door. The same girl afterwards accosted us in the market at Kingston with the greatest cheerfulness, as if nothing whatever had happened to prevent a cordial greeting on our part. I frequently heard of cases where native poisons were carried about by native servants — and trusted servants — for years, "in case" they might be suddenly wanted to "pay out" some unlucky employer or fellow-servant who had offended them. Obeah poisoning is also extensively carried out in remote nooks, particularly in the mountains, where incantations, resembling those of ancient witchcraft, are practised with the aid of a white cock. We never could keep a white bird in the hills; they were always stolen for Obeah purposes.

The former wife of a friend of my own, wasted, pined, and died under a constant course of some irritant poison, administered (it was afterwards discovered) by her trusted housekeeper, in the expectation that the reins of government would pass into her own hands with the appurtenances thereof. However, when the poor lady died, so much grave suspicion attached to this woman, who had carried out her cruel task with fiendish malice,

that she disappeared no one knew whither.

That there is a diabolical element lurking in the apparently good-tempered and easy-going Jamaican, was amply shown in the atrocities committed at Morant Bay during the rebellion of 1865, on their previously adored masters and mistresses.

All black people love fine clothes. On one of the rare occasions on which I appeared in a ball-dress at Port Royal, my English maid thoughtfully proposed that the poor old black scullerywoman in the kitchen should come up and see me. "Come in," I said, hearing a succession of loud sniffs outside. No sooner was the door open and I stood revealed to sight, than she fell upon me with outstretched arms, clasping my knees in the wildest excitement and admiration. I could well have dispensed with that portion of it, her apron and person in general being far from immaculate. She was an excellent creature, albeit dirty, and when she died, wishing to mark our sense of honest and faithful service, her poor little shrivelled black body, enclosed in a neat coffin, was borne by six stalwart seamen to the stern sheets of the commodore's galley, followed by her nearest relations and friends in the whaler. The two boats were then slowly rowed past the flag-ship and other men-of-war, who flew their flags half-mast for the occasion to the landing-place on the palisades, where the clergyman, and a numerous assemblage of Port Royal, were awaiting them. Our only regret was that she could not have attended her own funeral, she would have been so flattered and charmed at the attention paid to her.

A funeral is heartily enjoyed by the natives, none of whom would willingly absent themselves from one, and they will tramp any distance in the blazing sun to attend a wake. As soon as the breath is out of a body, it is treated with a fear and respect which are far from being accorded to it during life. As many relations as can be collected together in the very limited time, pack into the death-chamber, where they pass the whole of the succeeding night, singing without one moment's intermission, till there are signs of the dawn. Their voices then ascend higher and higher, till an excruciatingly high key is attained, when with a burst of shrill and prolonged notes, the struggling spirit is thought to be at rest, safe from the violence of the powers of darkness, who are always in waiting the first night to seize and bear away the dead. The

ninth night after death is also an important one. Another ceaseless period of singing, another great gathering, and the spirit is forever at peace. It must be highly undesirable to possess a large circle of relations, as these nights of wild excitement are most exhausting, and during epidemics of cholera, small-pox, and measles, were the means, till put an end to by government, of largely spreading contagion. Even after the most stringent prohibitions, wakes were continually held in secret on the hillsides, the few police being quite powerless to prevent them—even if they tried, which I doubt, as the force consists of black or colored men, sympathizing with their race in these fetish customs. For one native buried in the cemeteries, certainly five are put into a hole in their own garden, causing the particular spot to be shunned after night-fall with abject fear, as long as the place of sepulchre is remembered.

The negroes are not frequent eaters, but when they do eat—a favorite time is about nine at night—the quantity consumed is beyond belief. After these Gargantuan meals they lie down, and sleep the sleep of the gorged. Very little change is either made or desired in their diet from day to day; a pudding composed of yam, salt-fish, calavances, aché, and fat, forming the staple of their food all the year round.

These people think we are quite absurd in the frequency of our meals, and I don't know that they are wrong. A manservant of ours was heard to soliloquize, with a sigh enough to blow a candle out, "Dem white people never done eat," as he prepared to lay the cloth for the fourth time that day.

Their naïve revelations are sometimes very amusing. Here is a typical case. Illness and various hindrances had prevented our returning a first visit quite as quickly as etiquette demanded. Some little time afterwards we proceeded to enquire if Mrs. — was at home. "No," shortly replied an offended-looking black lady, opening about two inches of the door, "she has waited 'pon you for tree day, and now she has gone out." Our visit had evidently been expected sooner, and its non-payment freely commented upon.

Bidden to stay with the governor we crossed to Port Henderson in the galley. The governor's carriage in waiting at that desolate landing-place made quite a gorgeous spot of color, the ridiculously pompous ebony faces of his servants look-

ing comically out of their smart scarlet liveries. An ugly drive of twelve miles over sandy tracts bordered with cashew and straight, scrubby cactus, brought us to Spanish Town, once the flourishing capital of the island, when Kingston consisted of a few mud huts upon the shore. Little by little its grandeur has departed. King's House (a fine relic of the old Spanish times, with vast banqueting and ball rooms, arched with black chestnut), public offices, archives, museum, have all been removed to Kingston and elsewhere, leaving the once handsome square, crowded with fine habitable buildings, desolate.

One great attraction Spanish Town must always possess for travellers in the lovely Bogue Walk close by, a natural ravine winding with the Cobre River at the bottom of a deep gorge. A mountain rises up sheer on each side, clothed and bathed in a tangle of tropical verdure, with just space enough at the bottom for the rushing river, its bed strewn with grey rocks, and the drive beside it. After passing the Bogue Walk the mountains recede, the turbulent river, no longer pent up, runs quietly, and the verdant plains of Linstead open to view; here we "baited" and melted, before commencing the ascent of Mount Diavolo, two thousand feet high. The view from the summit is glorious: miles and miles of yellow cane and blue-green tobacco, with the river twisting and turning in and out. Dwarf stone parapets were our sole protection against a fall into the valley, a thousand feet below. Midway in the descent the horses swerved as if not under command, there was a lurch, and then a nod on the part of the driver. The horses were now tearing down the steep decline; another swerve, and the off-wheel, striking against the stone parapet, had half its tire torn violently off. The coachman was asleep! Fearing that the flapping tire would alarm the already excited horses, we got out and walked, while the horses were led into Moneague, where a tinker of a wheelwright "dished" the wheel the wrong way in putting on a new tire, causing it to wobble about in an eccentric manner all the rest of the journey. Moneague is a very old town, with the remains of many fine Spanish buildings, blighted and decayed, and fast mingling with the dust. Sundown brought us to our journey's end; here a fine, park-like domain of great beauty and extent, rolled away from the comfortable, well-kept house. A thousand head of cattle spread over the plains, and dotted the hillside.

Clumps of wide-spreading trees made delicious shade for countless animals all the hot noonday, but in dry seasons they suffered much from want of water, often being driven fifteen or twenty miles for a drink. "Ticks," originally imported from Cuba, infest the cattle, and make it a dangerous experiment for man as well as beast to roam about these beautiful grasslands. Here the large landowner seems more akin to the Jamaica planter of old, keeping troops of black servants, and exercising unbounded hospitality. The return from St. Ann's was commenced at four-thirty A.M., it being still pitch-dark. As morning dawned a thick white mist lay upon the valley like a vast lake, hiding everything below from sight; we seemed to be driving into the air, leaving the clouds beneath us. On the very summit of Mount Diavolo a halt was made to see the sun rise. First it touched the horizon, then blazed forth, piercing the heavy mists, which lifted, rose, and sailed away into the skies at the first touch of its hot rays. The Bogue Walk seen later in the day assumes an altogether different aspect when lighted up from the opposite side. Rio Cobre has so many waterfalls down which to tumble, so much broken rock to hurry over, that it is often very dangerous, especially during sudden freshets, caused by an afternoon shower in the hills. Early in the day the river is generally running quietly. Groups of gay-hearted, chattering women then collect in the stillest pools; each with her dress kilted up, standing knee-deep in front of her favorite flat stone. Here she will talk incessantly while lazily washing out the family rags, which are ruthlessly banged against the stones instead of being rubbed and wrung. One woman remains longer than the rest, perhaps, unobservant of any change, till a sudden flood lifts her off her feet, flings her head against a jagged rock, and nothing more is ever seen of her; nor do they ever seem to gain experience, for no week passes without some such accident happening in one or other of the many streams in the island.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.
HISTORY IN LITTLE.

PART II.

THE thirty years' convention between Biella and the house of Savoy ended in

1409; but as it had worked well it was renewed, the Biellese now taking the oath of allegiance for perpetuity. They included, as before, the circumjacent towns and villages over which they claimed local lordship. In 1427 Amedeo VIII. took from Biella one or two of her little townships to give them to the old hard mistress Vercelli, besides levying a tax which crippled the resources of the Biellese commune. At the same time remonstrance or interference was strictly forbidden. Vernato, a small, insignificant hamlet, proved however to have the heart of a giant if but the stature of a pigmy. She boldly sided with Biella in her griefs, and entered into an alliance — illimitably funny considering the size of the contracting parties — wherein she agreed henceforth "to share her burdens and her honors, her vicissitudes of fortune either for good or for evil, her pleasures and her pains, her privileges and her tributes, her immunities and her expenses, her freedoms and her charges, her exemptions and her imposts."

So things went on, till one of the communities, carried along by Biella in her train, revolted from her authority, and set the thorns beneath the pot crackling loudly. This was Andorno.

In the first compact of 1379, Andorno was included as not only yielded with Biella to Savoy, but also as under the power of Biella for the administration of justice — a most important as well as a most cherished right — and for the regulation of her own communal matters. Also she was rated at a yearly impost of three hundred golden ducats, as her quota of the hearth-tax imposed by Amedeo on Biella. Now in those days, "when money was scarce, and consequently dear, agriculture almost entirely neglected, the art of stock-raising and herding forgotten, when arts and industries were abandoned, and the expenses for fortifications and other things always on the increase," a sum of three hundred golden ducats from such a place as Andorno was a very large one to raise. On account of this tax, then, as well as for the insult offered to her independence in the matter of her criminals, and the damage done to her prosperity by the suppression of her weekly market which she had had from the most ancient times — suppressed to enable that at Biella to flourish more vigorously — Andorno rebelled. She also, with no light loss to herself, had freed herself from the chains of the Church at Vercelli; and she had

no idea of submitting to a new feudal lord in the person of the commune of Biella. She rebelled in vain. Amedeo VIII., the Peaceable, instigated by Biella, which after all was the more important town of the two, forbade the Andornese to hold their weekly market; and the bailiff of Bruges came into the recalcitrant valley, where, assembling the men in the marketplace, he ordered the men gathered round in an agitated crowd to submit themselves to Biella; to accept her suzerainty in the matter of justice, taxes, laws, and the like; and to take the oath of allegiance to the house of Savoy, together with and under the leadership of the Biellese notables.

But the hardy Andornese honored their local liberty before all else, and preferred to be torn away from their lands and families rather than forego the rights of a free commune and free citizens self-governed at the bidding of that arrogant little city on the heights. Biella arrested the *consoli* or chief men of Andorno, and took them before the chief judge of the district, who refused to release them until they had taken the oath required. Oath or no oath, bending to the storm they could not resist, or standing erect under pressure, the Andornese had always the intention to rebel, and the hope to get free. Quarrels between them and Biella were rife; and the sovereign was perpetually called on to settle disputes which must have seemed to him something like the quarrels between the pigmies and the cranes. All his awards were in favor of Biella. The sacredness of authority and the right of might had to be upheld at all costs; and the virtues of patience and submission are those on which all rulers of all times have laid the greatest stress. Nothing, however, quenched the indomitable spirit of the Andornese, and when, in the last appeal to the supreme authority, Biella was once more upheld in her tyranny by Duke Charles I., the Warrior — he who had at first allowed the Andornese to hold their weekly market, and then had revoked the patent — they broke out into open violence; and confusion, murders, vendettas, and aggressions of all kinds were the order of the day. Then Biella thought to take the thing seriously in hand, and quell forever the spirit of rebellion which in her own case had brought her liberty, autonomy, success; but with which, in the case of her "vassal," blood and fire were not too strong measures to deal.

One morning at the end of February,

1486, a numerous cavalcade set forth from the gate of Riva di Biella to force on the reluctant little township the ducal patent which deprived it of its rights and privileges. The mayor and the judges, the leading men of the commune, the guards and men-at-arms told off for their service and protection, and half the male population of Biella, poured forth from the city gates while the morning sun shone on the snowy hills around and brightened every branch and twig of the frosted trees. With tramp of horse and clattering of arms, with tread of men and loud hum of voices, they wound up the steep way by the side of the dashing Cervo, and so into the valley where the rebellious Andornese talked sedition and practised defiance, and would not submit tamely to loss and wrong. The great bell of Andorno sounded loud and long. It was the tocsin — the signal which each man of the community had sworn to obey, whenever it should sound, as to-day, summoning them to fight for their liberties. From mountain height and narrow valley they all came pouring down; till every male capable of bearing arms stood in a serried mass in the Piazza to oppose the Biellese host, defying both the ducal patent and the men-at-arms. They would not obey the one and they would not yield to the other. Let God defend the right — and have at them with a will!

The fight to-day in the beautiful valley of Andorno was long and hard, but it ended in the defeat of the Andornese, among whose seven dead history records the name of one woman. Let us give her the honor she earned that day under the shadow of the mountains and for the priceless gain of freedom. Other women have had their immortality, why not poor Agostina Levera? this obscure Piedmontese heroine, fighting for the liberties of her native township as Boadicea fought for her kingdom, as Joan of Arc fought for her country. It was but a poor, unnoted, obscure little life that went out under the sunshine of that February day, but individual worth is not measured by cosmic value, and an obscure heroine is as great in herself as, if less important to others than, the most famous of history.

Biella won in the fray, but Andorno was none the more submissive. The valiant little place still stood out, and at last the warrior duke appointed a commission of his own to inquire into matters from a disinterested point of view. On this commission, by the way, served Matteo Meschiatis, brother of the Augustine friar who

wrote "*Dies iræ, dies illa.*" The result was, of course, the continued support given to Biella. And the duke, though he was wise and just and made good laws — specially one against fraudulent bankrupts — endorsed the verdict of his commissioners and forced Andorno to submit. This was the duke who called himself king of Cyprus on the death of his aunt Caterina, the widow of Luigi di Savoia, who was said to have been poisoned (1490) by his old enemy, the Marchese di Saluzzo, whom he had conquered and despoiled. He was buried at Vercelli, where his tomb still is, and he was the father of St. Amedeo.

Meanwhile great things were stirring the deeper waters of Italian life. Lorenzo de' Medici in Florence broke all the laws and fostered all the arts, and Savonarola refused to give him absolution unless he repented and restored what he had taken from others. The Borgias in Rome disgraced the humanity they outraged and degraded. The Turks were to the front, and both Venice and Naples trembled at the power of the Crescent which the Cross had not yet subdued. St. Peter's was built, and Michael Angelo and Raffaele stripped the palaces and temples of the old Romans to adorn the churches and houses of the new. Lucrezia Borgia had lived and died, leaving a name which has become a byword until of late years, when her repute has been rehabilitated. The French had poured into Italy under Charles VIII., and after triumph and conquest, ravage and retaliation, had been forced back to their own homes. Down in our small villages and towns beneath the shadow of the mountains, echoes of these larger strifes troubled the quiet days of citizen and burgher, and no one knew whose turn would come next, and where the violence of lawless men would end. Between Andorno and Biella nothing was changed. In 1561 the hatred of the Andornese against the men of the rival city was so great that they declared they would rather give themselves up to the dreaded Turk than submit to their old enemy not three English miles away. By dint of their constancy, the struggle having lasted for one hundred and eighty-two years, they finally got freed and were given their own autonomy. So now Andorno was suffered to have her municipality; her own statutes, administration, and administrators; her weekly market; her laws, lawgivers, and executive; and to be free of Biella save in the general business of the State, as relating to the

sovereign house of Savoy, the officials of which resided at Biella.

Hard conditions, however, were made; and if the Andornese wanted their local liberties they had to smart for them pretty sharply. They were obliged to pay a yearly tax of a thousand golden crowns and of a hundred wagons of salt, and to bear their share in all other taxes and imposts. And this was almost like grinding them to powder. Then came a famine, as the natural consequence of these long-continued wars; and miseries of another kind were heaped on them. Wanting the first necessities of life, they starved and died like sheep. The old people and the little children fell off first; and the strong men followed. But still the courage of this brave little place never failed its stalwart sons, and they pulled through their bad time like heroes, content if they had but liberty. Of all small local histories there is surely none which shows a more manful spirit, more courage, tenacity, devotion, and high-heartedness, than that of this small, unknown, obscure Piedmontese township!

There is a grim little story of this time — how Don Emmanuele di Savoia died in 1652, in Andorno, in the most miserable condition. He was left for four days in a wretched cabin, no one offering to bury him; and at last he was buried with ignominious parsimony by the commune. The original document is so odd that I give it as I find it in "*La Storia di Biella*," by Severino Pozzo; from which book and Sismondi's "*Italian Republics*," together with Gallenga's "*Fra Dolcino*," I have taken most of my material, save what I picked up by word of mouth on the spot:

"Excellentissimus D. Emanuel a Sabaudia, filius Celsitudinis Caroli Emanuelis Ducis Sabaudiae, soluit Deo debitum refectus sacramentis et die octava exportatus statim in campanile a 6 ore di notte in una casia ove stette 4 giorni e nessuno cercava di farlo seppellire, che toccò alla comunità a farli il funerale, cioè misero X torchie di oncie 10 l'una e il sabato poi di notte li 12 sudetto per aver io detto di farlo portar fuori di chiesa non che del campanile perchè jam fetebat, andò Giovanni Virla ed il staffer Vercellono a cacciarlo in un monumento di mio cognato, e il Cav. Pissina mandato da madama per soccorso con 100 doppie non spese un soldo, anzi portò via tutte le sue robe, mobili di casa e cavilli, meno pagò nessun religioso, ma come dico fù sepolto miseramente. Talis vita, similis exitus.

(Io Petrus Franc. Bagnasaccas Concuratus.)"

We must now go back a little way. In 1527 Filippo Torinella, a noted free-lance from Novara, ravaged all the lands belonging to Biella, and prepared to attack the town itself, but was bought off by a gift of 3,150 florins. He then withdrew to beyond the Sesia, where he promised his soldiers a rich booty; and performed his promises at the expense of the unhappy citizens and cultivators of the district round about.

In 1521 — to go back a small step still — Marshal de Brissac, who had command of the French army in Piedmont, came to Biella and concluded a secret alliance with Filiberto Fieschi, il Marchese di Masserano, on condition of certain moneys to be paid to the Most Christian King (Francis I.), and certain services to be rendered by the marchese, the Biellese, and *tutti quanti* for the honor of the alliance. In return for which black-mail they were to be held free from sack and pillage. But after a time il Marchese Masserano began to play that double game which generally ends in losing the stakes, and, in trying to ride two horses at once, came ignominiously to the ground. Coquetting with Spain, England, and Savoy against the French, his schemes were discovered, and the king wrote to De Thermes, then governor of Piedmont, ordering him to seize the marchese and take possession of the Castle and Piazza of Biella, where he was to be found, then to carry him off to the stronghold of Zumaglia. Accordingly De Thermes ordered twenty of his officers to put on coats of mail under their doublets, and go into the Piazza on pretence of having to speak to him, De Thermes, as he was dining with the marchese. After which they were to post themselves, six by the door of the grand hall, and the rest on the stairs. His captain of the guard, with thirty trusty soldiers, was to come into the courtyard as if to accompany him on his afternoon ride. Two captains, with three hundred arquebusiers, were to be at two hundred paces from the castle, ready to swarm in at the faintest noise of resistance. All was done as was ordered, and the meshes of the net were securely laid across the feet of the marchese. He, hearing an unusual noise below as the thirty soldiers trooped into the courtyard and disarmed his own guard, rose from table to go to the balcony and look out to see what it all meant; when suddenly the twenty officers broke into the room and surrounded him and his

son. And then De Thermes declared his orders from the king, and told the marchese that he was his prisoner, and must be taken to Masserano—or Zumaglia, should that castle please him better. Fortunately for one poor victim of tyranny Masserano chose the castle of Zumaglia, by which the hideous fate of Francesco Pecchio was brought to the light of day and the execration of history. Francesco Pecchio, sometimes called captain, had incurred the wrath of the marchese for having executed an order of Duke Charles III. against him; and the marchese was not a man to forgive. He therefore had Francesco Pecchio assaulted by certain of his bravos as he went from Vercelli to Asigliano, and brought alive to the castle of Zumaglia, where he was cast into a small, dark, filthy dungeon, to be seen to this day. The horse was wounded and let loose; and as it made its way home, bleeding and riderless, the supposition was natural that Pecchio had been set on and slain. Two men unfriendly to him were arrested; tortured in the good old way; in their tortures confessed themselves guilty of his assassination; and were hanged out of hand, to the comfort of the bereaved family. Some time after the wife married again; the sons came of age, sold the father's lands and spent the money; while poor Francesco Pecchio was living in a hole not six feet square, where his food—bread and water—was let down to him by a hole at the top, when it was not forgotten altogether.

For twenty years this man lived in this manner, and when the French general took the castle he was found. White as a dead man, with long grey hair and beard, a living skeleton, blind, dazed, weak, alive and no more, the poor fellow was taken out of his living grave, cleansed, fed, and gradually brought back to humanity. But when he went back to his own old home, his wife refused to receive or recognize him, and his lands were denied him. He brought a lawsuit against both his wife and the holders of his lands; and recovered all of which he had been deprived. His wife was ordered to leave her present husband and take back her lawful skeleton; the holders of his lands had to give them up, for all that they had paid for them honestly and the purchase-money had been spent. Sure never was there a more disastrous resurrection! but *fiat justitia*; and poor Pecchio had suffered so much it was only fair that he should be compensated in some sort at the end. The old castle is now a mere

ruin, but part of the foundations can be traced, and this dungeon still exists.

Of late years another little romance was connected with the castle. The people who passed below the hill on which it stands heard a dull, thumping noise, which they thought to be ghosts or *masche*—evil spirits—and from which they fled in terror; for ghosts are plentiful hereabouts and the *masche* are malicious. These ghosts, however, were substantial bodies of flesh and blood hammering at false money. After a time they were effectually exorcised by the *carabinieri*, who are not superstitious.

The French stayed four years in Biella, and, invaders as they were, did a great deal of good in developing the Biellese resources. They set up a brisk trade between this city and Lyons, and gave the freedom of the city of Lyons to the Biellese traders who frequented her markets. Hence the expression “Francesco di Biella.” They also improved the cloth-weaving which then, as now and for some centuries before 1558, when the Biellese were admitted as Lyonesse citizens, was and has been the main industry of the town. So that out of evil came good, and from the invader national advantage.

Laws were strict and savage in those days, even when they were made for the public good. In 1586, S.A. la Duchessa di Savoia, Margherita of France, made a severe decree against any one in Biella who should go about at night without a light; and also commanded all the foreign bandits then in the city to leave at once under pain of the harshest penalties.

In speaking of laws we will muddle up our chronology a little. A century or two in these times, when history went so slowly, does not much modify the condition of things.

“Madama Reale,” Cristina of France, a kind of Messalina in her way—with as many lovers as there were handsome men who passed before her eyes; and cunning little subtleties for those who might have inconvenient memories—Madama Reale was very careful of the lives and morals of her subjects, as well as scrupulously exact in all her religious duties and tenacious in her beliefs. After the military night-call had been sounded no one was allowed to go about the city without an open lantern under pain of a hundred golden crowns for each person, or *tre tratti di corda* in public (hoisting up to a certain height by ropes) in default. Only two persons might go with a candle or a lantern, only four with a torch. The

same alternative penalty of a fine or hoisting by the cord was awarded to inn-keepers, tavern-keepers, and keepers of hired chambers generally if they lodged or fed any *donna gioconda*; if after the fifth hour of the night (eleven o'clock) they entertained any one not already in the house; or if they entertained any one who had a house in the city. Barbers were then surgeons; "but as, for the most part, they do not know how to read or write," says Madama Reale, in one of her proclamations, all depositions made by wounded men are to be taken before a judge.

The laws against gipsies and Jews were extremely severe; and the condition of these poor people was pitiable beyond measure. Up to seven or eight years of age gipsy children went naked. The women, with their hair streaming over their shoulders or done up in grotesque masses, wore particolored handkerchiefs on their heads, with heavy pieces of silver money as earrings and ornaments. The men had naked legs. They wore round the head a kerchief such as, at this day, may still be seen in Italy; and they were dressed in a red or bright-colored long kind of tunic (*giubbo*) with huge silver buttons. Their curly hair was worn long and flowing. They were great tinsmiths and horse-copers even in those days; and by their "infernal arts" would make a worn-out old Rosinante look a brisk and lively filly. In 1539 a decree was made that, after sixty days from date, any gipsy found in a state of vagabondism should be sent to the galleys for six years. In 1619 they were forbidden to sell anything whatsoever, on the supposition that what they had was certainly stolen; and they were ordered out of the country under pain of death. Honest folk were forbidden to dress or speak like the gipsies; and to kill one of them, even in church, was not murder, and entailed no penalties. One decree ran: "That five days after date all gipsies were to leave the country under pain of the galleys for life, and if they made a noise or resisted they were to be killed."

The treatment of the Jews was just as bad; but one humane government made a public declaration that it was unlawful to kill a Jew; the same declaration also prohibiting the public beating of beasts of burden, dogs, and Jews.

The Jews had to live apart from Christians, as they do now in many Continental towns. They were shut up in their always close and small ghetto, and forbid-

den to leave it from sunset to dawn, or to open their doors or their shops, save in case of fire or thieves, when they might call for aid. Any Christian man or woman who went to them in their prohibited hours was to be fined twenty-five golden crowns, or be punished with one *tratto di corda*. No Christian could open a shop nor hire a chamber in the Jews' quarter under penalty of fifty golden crowns. They could not build a synagogue, nor restore one already standing, without permission from the magistrate; and whether at service or elsewhere, they must not raise their voices so that passers-by should hear them and be scandalized. A Christian entering a synagogue was fined ten golden crowns or one *tratto di corda*. Any Jew who blasphemed the name of Jesus, Mary, or the saints was, for the first offence, publicly tied to a column and kept there for three hours; then, naked to his waist, he was taken through all the principal streets of the city, and flogged with knotted cords to the sound of a trumpet telling the people what was happening. For the second offence, he was tied for a whole day to the column, and his tongue was pricked with a long pin, as well as having to undergo the scourging already spoken of. For the third offence, after the same torture, he was put to death. Three days of prison, with bread and water for food and a handful of straw for his bed, was the punishment of any who, from the morning of holy Wednesday to the sound of the bell on Saturday (eleven in the morning), the sacrifice of the mass — dared to leave the ghetto, to open his shop, or to be seen at the window. They were obliged to wear sometimes a red scarf edged with white over their left shoulders; sometimes, yellow hats for the men and yellow veils for the women; sometimes it was a patch of yellow embroidered in silk or wool below the left breast; and those who neglected this sign were imprisoned for three days on bread and water, fined a hundred lire, and otherwise evilly entreated. They were allowed no Christian servants, and no Christian woman might nurse or tend their children — if, indeed, any could have been found who would: this last under pain of public whipping and a fine of fifty lire. They could not carry arms unless on a journey; and then they were allowed only short pistols and small bows, which would not have been very effective against the better equipped; but they might travel without their distinctive badge, so as not to be molested.

They might have no books save those allowed by the Christian Church, which excommunicated the Talmud—once, as Deutsch tells us, under the name and title of the Rabbi Talmud. These were part of the pains and penalties attached to race in these days of faith and the predominance of the Church. But they were brutal days all through; and torture—such as the boots and public floggings, tearing with red-hot pincers and the like—was dealt out impartially to all criminals whatsoever.

The credulity of these times kept pace with their barbarity. Sorcery, witchcraft, magic, astrology, were articles of faith as fixed as belief in Christ and his Virgin Mother, in Holy Church and the relics of saints. And monsters born of women were common. One woman of Brescia gave birth to a cat, which lived for six months. A child was born in Verona with two heads, four arms, four legs, and every member double; and a boy was born with two heads, four hands, and six ears, of a woman who, after she had been married for six years, became a man. Another woman, who became a man at sixteen years of age, bore a child with a crown on its head. At Vercelli was born an ass with a human face and ass's ears. At Constantinople a boy was born laughing, with a beard and two heads. A woman at Cosenza bore three children all bound together, and all speaking. A boy had the paws of a dog, two heads, stag's feet, and an ass's tail. He was a French prodigy. And another French production was one with the head of an ass, the ears of a leopard, sheep's horns, owl's eyes, a serpent's tail, horse's feet, and a human body covered with hair. Then three suns were seen at midnight at Milan, where many men on horseback caracoled in the air, and the statues of that city, going around, fought together.

Now we will go back to the more orderly succession of times and the years.

In 1522 the plague broke out again and visited Biella, but a pilgrimage was made by the citizens to the Santuario at Oropa, "and in a few hours Biella was delivered from the murderous disease." In 1596 it broke out again, when the church at Oropa was built as a prayer-offering; in 1616 the sacred image of the Virgin was solemnly crowned; and in 1620 the road was made from Biella to the Santuario, so that the people could go there with less fatigue and in greater numbers than heretofore. In 1632 the plague appeared again in one house in Valdenigo; and there

is a curious little record of the exact dates of the appearance of the plague—when the infected were taken to the lazaretto made in the fields; when the house was purified; when others fell sick and were taken to the lazaretto; when the house was again purified; and when, no one having died, no new cases having appeared, and all being healed, the house was finally declared safe and inhabitable by the most excellent magistrate, and the poor people returned to their home. The scare had lasted from April 6 to June 9.

Vittorio Amedeo I. died suddenly in 1637 in Vercelli; and Marshal Crequi had the credit of having poisoned him at a supper to which the prince was invited. His widow was that Cristina of France, the sister of Louis XIII., of whom mention has been made above—the Madama Reale who was declared regent during the minority of her little five-year-old son, Francesco Giacinti. He dying a year after his father, the baby Carlo Emanuele was declared future duke. Cardinal Maurizio however, and Prince Tommaso, brothers of the late prince, published a manifesto in 1638 nullifying the will of Vittorio Emanuele with respect to the regency of the duchess, and declaring themselves, as "Princes of Savoy," the legitimate guardians of the future duke. They entered Piedmont at the head of an army to give battle to Madama Reale in Turin; invested Chiavazza; gained over Biella, Ivrea, Aosta, and Trino; and, on the night of August 27, 1639, Prince Tommaso scaled the walls and captured Turin, leaving Madama Reale scarce time to seek refuge in the citadel. Meanwhile Cardinal Maurizio was received by the Biellese with enthusiasm. Had he not, in 1616, made a pilgrimage to Oropa? "But the hymns of joy, the voice of jubilee for the happy entrance into Biella of a prince of the Church and of royal blood, were changed to sounds of grief, inasmuch as the necessities of war caused to be imposed new and extraordinary imposts, new taxes, and new contributions, in which were included all merchants, all who followed any trade whatsoever, all who cultivated soil, which, by these repeated devastations, produced nothing."

It was the old, sad story. The nobles fought for power, and the people paid with their blood and gold. The one side, at least, had success and glory; to the people there was only loss, with misery and heartbreak, which side soever won!

In 1642, however, peace was concluded between Madama Reale and her brothers-

in-law. Prince Tommaso went off to the Santuario at Oropa, where he offered to the Virgin the two standards he had taken in the fight; and Madama Reale, not to be behindhand, took the shrine under her special protection, and made a pact with the Biellese council for its benefit.

In 1616 the Spaniards invaded Piedmont, ravaged the Biellese territory, and besieged the gallant little city itself; but before conclusions had been arrived at they drew off their forces for the more important siege of Vercelli. Here they were successful, and forced the town and garrison to capitulate. In 1644 they again came into the country, and this time took Santhià — now the peaceable junction where the branch line to Biella joins the main line from Milan to Turin. From Santhià they made frequent raids against the industrious and unhappy town, which only wanted to live in peace and do its weaving quietly; and in 1647 they entered in force, causing terror and creating disorder, and in their twenty-eight days of occupation doing infinite damage to men and things. Two years later they came again, when for forty-eight days Biella was delivered up to sack and pillage. And again one wonders how a man was left alive to carry on the business of life, or to form a nucleus for a future civic resurrection. The Spaniards went out as far as Cossila, the pretty little hillside village, where now the whole population employs itself in making stout-legged green rush-bottomed chairs, which overflow the whole country and are shipped off even to America; but where then living was hard enough at the best of times, and an impossibility when those savage hordes were the masters of the situation. Wars continued without intermission. Now the Piedmontese and their allies, the French, overcame the Spaniards, and now the Spaniards overcame them. Villages were burnt, towns were pillaged, the country was ravaged, and violence was the order of the day everywhere; and when, in 1656, to all these miseries came the further scourge of the plague, then the cup seemed to be filled to the brim and no space left for more bitterness to be added.

There was, however, another little drop for Biella; and this she applied to herself. It was a quarrel between the inhabitants of two different parts of the town, which ended in the creation of two factions, two centres, and the weakness which comes by breaking the bundle of sticks.

Under the regency of Giovanna Battista,

queen of Cyprus and mother of young Prince Vittorio Amedeo II., son of that Carlo Emanuele of whom Madama Reale had been regent-mother, the land had peace, and there were no more wars to destroy commerce, ruin agriculture, and bring the plagues of a hell upon earth on the sons and daughters of men.

In 1682 the Marchese di Andorno, Carlo Emilio San Martino di Parella, whose arrest on suspicion of treachery and tampering with foreign powers had been ordered, managed to evade his pursuers and took refuge in the Santuario of Oropa. Here he remained in safety for two years, no one then being sacrilegious enough to put the civil law in force against any one who had appealed to the divine protection; but when Vittorio Amedeo had come to his majority he sent a peremptory message to the marchese, ordering him to return to court, and guaranteeing his safety. But Parella would not obey. He had a wholesome fear of even the word of kings, and preferred to go off to Hungary and fight against the Turks. If he had to lose his life, he thought he would lose it as a soldier and a gentleman, openly and in the sight of day. Dying secretly, either in a prison cell or by some subtle poison, was not to his taste. And his reluctance is a volume in one word, sufficiently expressive of the faith and morality of the time.

In 1690, Louis XIV., no longer an ally but an enemy, sent eighteen thousand men into Piedmont to sack and pillage all the places through which they passed and could overcome. But six years later the Duke of Savoy made an alliance with France, and thus had leisure to turn his forces against Austria. Four years after, namely, in 1700, the war between France and Spain broke out, and Piedmont joined with France. But the pride of the Bourbons was too great for the dignity of Savoy, and Vittorio Amedeo broke from the alliance after a short three years. The reason was this. By the terms of that alliance the duke was to be made generalissimo of the allied forces, and to have supreme command of the joint army. But he could get no obedience from the French generals Catinat, Vaudemont, and Tessé; and at Catinat's request Marshal Villeroi was appointed both his own successor and the superseder of the duke. Marshal Villeroi seems not to have been a success. "His warlike fame was very problematical," says our history; "and not knowing how to excuse the rout of the battle of Chiari, he wrote to the king say-

ing that the enemy was apprised of all their movements and that it was impossible to make war if the Duke of Savoy led the army." This quarrel was pretty enough as it stood, but when is added the fact (?) that the Cabinet of Vienna caused certain forged papers to fall into the hands of the French, by which it was made to appear that a truce between Austria and Savoy had been concluded, matters became doubly serious. Acting on these papers — forged or true — the French disarmed the Piedmontese troops at the camp of San Benedetto and made them all prisoners, waiting for further orders. At this the Duke of Savoy, furious, declared war against both France and Spain (October 3, 1703), with only four thousand available soldiers to take the field! In this memorable declaration of war Vittorio Amedeo says: "Finisco di rompere un' alleanza che fu a mio danno già violata. Preferisco di morire colle arme alla mano all' onta di lasciarmi opprimere." ("I have finally broken an alliance which already had been violated to my hurt. I prefer to die with arms in my hands rather than suffer myself to be oppressed.")

In less than a year after this gallant stand a powerful French army besieged the capital, while the Duc de Feuillade crossed Mont Cenis and invested Susa, and Vendomo beset Vercelli. He carried that city — so often carried before — on July 4, 1704. The garrison were made prisoners after being obliged to march out through the breach, the banners flying in the wind and flouting their misfortunes. Vendomo left six hundred men at Vercelli, and marched against Ivrea with the bulk of his army. This town, too, he took; making prisoners of the two heroic leaders, the Piedmontese Barone de Perrone and the German Kirkbaum, who had vainly attempted a sortie.

In the last days of September, five hundred men went against Biella, led by the famous Comte de Bonneval, afterwards known as Achmet Pasha. He was famous both as a Christian adventurer and a Mohammedan convert, for he embraced Islamism, as the phrase is, submitted to all the rites, was indefatigable in making proselytes, and, on the whole, one would say his last state was worse than his first.

The French maintained great discipline at Biella. Life, lands, honor, and property were all respected with chivalrous scrupulosity. But heavy taxes were imposed; and the Biellese commune was put to its

wits' end for means to raise the money so incessantly demanded. As the city was not large enough to house the whole number quartered there, the surplus spread themselves out into the adjacent towns and villages; and among these the ancient foe Andorno had her share.

On the night of August 29, 1706 — two nights after an unsuccessful attack made by the French against Turin; which attack, though unsuccessful, had damaged the walls — four grenadiers, well armed, crept into the ditch of the demi-lune. Unseen and unheard they crossed the counterscarp, and came over the ramparts to the small gate of the gallery which led to the Piazza. Three others followed; then ten or twelve, the darkness of the night favoring their movements; and finally there came, stealing on in silence and secrecy, such a number as enabled them to overpower the Piedmontese guard and open a way of entrance to the bulk of the army. They were already in force in the great gallery, and the city seemed predestined to fall into their hands, when Pietro Micca, a private in the artillery, and a native of the hamlet of Sagliano, close to Andorno, shut the door at the head of the stairs, and so checked them for a time. Behind that door was a mine which had been prepared in case of such dire emergency as this. Pietro and a companion — whose name history has not preserved, though it has preserved his testimony — heard the clash and clang of arms as the French soldiers marched up the gallery and came to the stairs at the head of which stood the door. Not a moment was to be lost. There was no time even to lay the train which should have ensured their own safety, if also the destruction of those others. Pietro called out to his companion: "The match! the match!" The man hesitated and did not move. Then Pietro took him by the arm and thrust him out. "Get out of this," he said. "You are longer than a day without bread. Let me do this and save yourself." ("Levati di lì! Tu sei più lungo che una giornata senza pane. Lascia fare a me e salvati.")

With this he took his match and fired the mine, sending himself and three companies of French grenadiers to eternity, and destroying four batteries of cannon. But he saved Turin, and the power of the Bourbons received its final check in Piedmont.

Since then no wars have devastated this immediate part of the country, the towns of which have grown in individual pros-

perity and sunk in national importance. The only sign of war was when the French marched into Italy to meet the Austrians at Solferino and Magenta — as their wages taking to their own share that heroic Savoy which was the cradle of the kings of Italy. Also when, in 1860, Garibaldi appeared, preaching resistance to the foreigner and raising the watch-cry of "Rome or death," these beautiful valleys and quiet towns re-echoed once more to the cry of war and the clang of arms.

In 1772 Biella was finally separated in ecclesiastical, as she had so long been in temporal, matters from Vercelli; and since then has had a bishop of her own.

Biella is now noted for her manufactures, of which her cloth-weaving is the chief. This cloth-weaving was of importance so early as 1348, when a set of laws was drawn up for wool-merchants and weavers. By these statutes it was forbidden, under severe penalties, to make cloth of *pelo bovino*, or of other animals not adapted for weaving; also, to mix in with good wool inferior substances by which the buyer should be deceived. Also, not only were those to be punished who did not use good wool, but also those who sought to deceive the purchaser by false dyes. No weaver was allowed to begin a piece of cloth-weaving without taking oath that he would observe all the statutes of the council with fidelity and exactness, under pain of a severe fine if he missed. Strangers, on payment of a sum of money, might be weavers in Biella; subject of course to the same regulations as those which bound the Biellese. The officers of the commune were forced to visit once a month all the cloth-weaving establishments in all their parts, to be sure that no dishonesty was afoot; and the weavers were bound by oath to denounce any among them who wove with bad wool or with hair instead of wool, or who sold cloth of a bad quality. This and all other trades were hereditary. In 1581 a law was passed which ordained that the exercise of the wool trade in Mosso — about ten miles from Biella — should be "loyally and perfectly conducted as ought to be with good Christians." The number of strands in warp and woof was rigidly set; and woe to him who offended against any of these ordinances!

Now the mills are free, and weave good cloth or shoddy as they list; and only public acceptance or rejection regulates the quality of their manufacture.

These mills are worked by water-power, and all stand by the side of the beautiful

mountain rivers. And though it is impossible to say that no smoke at all hangs about them, only very little, like a light blue tender vapor, marks out their hidden chimneys. Perhaps the most important is that at Magliano, belonging to one of the Poma family. It is said to employ seven thousand persons; and in truth it is more like a small town than one mill, as you come upon it on turning down a sharp hill, the rising ground of which hides it from the highroad and the public.

Paper also was an important manufacture here so early as 1541, and is still of prime quality and sufficient quantity. Then there is a huge mill for making sweetmeats — sugarplums wrapped in printed papers which strew the roads all about Biella, like white leaves fallen from an unknown tree. All the towns and villages round about make cloth or hats or paper, or, as at Cossila, chairs. Not a place in the whole district is given up to idleness and the *dolce far niente*; and the women work like the men.

The men leave home and practise their trades in the local towns or even in France; and the women are left to manage the little patches of land which every family owns as well as its own house. They plant and dig and reap and carry; they cut the canapa or hemp, which then they spin into almost indestructible thread; they plant and care for the vines, make the wine, and tend the cows and fowls and sheep, and, in short, do all the farm, house, and agricultural work of the district. There is no beggary and no crushing poverty; but there is no wealth and very little even of peasant ease of circumstances.

The country all about is lovely. At Zumaglia it is English park-like land, broken but not precipitous, with always that Pianura like a sea before you, and always the mountains behind and to the side. In the Val d' Andorno — where that splendid granite is hewn out of the wayside — it is like Switzerland, and the little village of Rosazza is a model of beauty. This has been re-created by a noble-minded man of the same name, and is a monument of enduring merit. This public benefactor made the road up to the Santuario of S. Giovanni, which branches off from the Val d' Andorno up the high mountain to the left; he built bridges, made the Campo Santo, built the church, the court-house, private houses, and the like, all after the most beautiful models to be found in Italy reduced to the size

convenient to the purpose. It is the cleanest and loveliest place in the world; but in too narrow a gorge for the English to care to inhabit permanently. The road leads on to Domo d' Ossola, Aosta, Courmayer, etc. But at the entrance to the valley, where there is an excellent hotel, we have a freer air, a wider view, and a more varied charm.

There are three Santuarii belonging to this district — that of Oropa, that of Graglia, and that of San Giovanni, whence a road over the mountains leads to Oropa. These Santuarii give free lodging, but no food, to all pilgrims; and on the roads all through the summer are to be met men and women performing their pilgrimages, footsore and weary, but spiritually content and happy.

Charitable and educational establishments are everywhere; and the whole tone of the country is independent, moral, industrious, peaceable, and satisfactory. At Zumaglia neither gendarmi nor carabinieri are to be seen. There is no need of them. The people take care of themselves, and crimes are almost unknown. All the same, crosses, eloquent of murders in past times — sometimes of accidents — are set thick about the wayside; and there are ugly traditions of bygone crimes such as exist in all places under the sun. Such as it is, however, it is a country eminently worth seeing, and but little known even by the Italian-English, for all the need they have of Italian resting-places for the summer heat. Here, at their very doors, they have a choice of stations, for the most part neglected by them and left only to the Italians themselves.

From Belgravia.

BEARS AND WOLVES.

It would be difficult in all nature to find two wild animals so diametrically opposed in appearance, habits, and character as the bear and the wolf. Yet it would be difficult in all poetry to find two wild animals more intimately associated. The shambling, fruit-eating, retiring, straightforward, and mild-mannered bear* has nothing in common with the agile, flesh-preferring, aggressive, treacherous, and ferocious wolf. Nevertheless in poetry they are as punctually and arbitrarily

* The poets never speak of the grizzly bear, nor, therefore, do I.

bracketed together as larks and linnets, or apes and asses.

Bruin has had to suffer much, in consequence, first of all, of the ignominious familiarity which its dancing and being baited have induced; and, secondly, of its unfortunate personal appearance. But when it sets itself going after any one it wishes to catch, the bear displays an agility and address which those who have been hunted by it declare it to be amazing. And when it wishes to get beetle-grubs out of the ground, ants out of their nest, honey out of a bee-tree, fruit from a slender bough, or birds' eggs out of a nest, it shows itself to be as ingenious and skilful as any other animal that has to live by its wits. To get, for instance, at the beetle-grubs, it scratches off the upper earth and then sucks them up out of the ground — an application of a scientific process which no animal without a prodigious reserve of air force could hope to accomplish. When it wishes to empty an ant-hive, it knocks the top off with its paws, and then, applying its mouth to the central gallery of the nest, inhales its breath forcibly, thereby setting up such a current of air that all the ants and their eggs come whirling up into his mouth like packets through a pneumatic tube. When robbing bees it does not get stung, and when after wild apricots or acorns it not only balances itself with all the judgment of a ropewalker, but uses its weight very cleverly so as to bring other boughs within reach of its curved claws. Nor, while doing this, does it conceal what it is about. On the contrary, when sucking at an antheap or grub-hole it makes such a noise that on a still evening it can be heard a quarter of a mile off, and when up a tree, and not alarmed, it goes smashing about among the boughs as if bears were not only the rightful lords of the manor, but as if there were no such things as enemies in the world.

Now, even these few lines suffice to show the vast gulf between the bear and the wolf, and if the point were worth it I could easily fill pages with description of the secluded, simple-minded animal that would in every line contrast it with equal force with the guilty-minded, stealthy, blood-seeking wolf. The poets, however, with a curious neglect of large natural facts, carefully bring the two beasts into company as if they were associates in life and in crime.

In poetry there are two kinds of bears — the "wild-wood bear" and the dancing bear. The former is divided into the

polar animal and the bear general. The latter is also subdivided into the purely saltatory and the baited bear.

None of them are popular with the bards. For the former, "the wild-wood bear," an unjust suspicion that it eats human beings — a suspicion as old as our ballads, —

With beares he lives, with beares he feedes,
And drinkes the blood of men —

appears to prejudice the minds of some of our poets. Many others look upon them as animals that resemble tigers in their habits and tastes : —

Bears naturally are beasts of prey
That live by rapine.

They are cruelly "fanged," as in Keats; and gloat over victims before devouring them, as in Spenser. "The bloody bear, an independent beast," says Dryden. In this aspect they are "rugged," "shapeless," and "shagged," "felon bears," and (in Heber) "heathen bears." They "howl" and "snort," in concert with wolves. But it is to the maternal triumph of licking her cubs into shape that the poetical attention is chiefly drawn; * the poet's supercilious satisfaction being very often increased by the discovery that after all her labors she produces nothing better than a bear. Thus Shenstone : —

What village but has sometimes seen
The clumsy shape, the frightful mien,
Tremendous claws and shagged hair,
Of that grim brute yclep'd a bear.

He from his dam, the learn'd agree,
Receiv'd the curious form you see,
Who with her plastic tongue alone
Produced a visage — like her own.

And Pitt : —

Thus when old Bruin teems, her children fail
Of limbs, form, figure, features, head or tail;
Nay, though she licks her cubs, her tender
cares

At best can bring the Bruins into bears.

And Pope : —

So watchful Bruin forms with plastic care
Each growing lump and brings it to a bear.

Not, for myself, that I see anything derogatory to a she bear in being the mother of bear-cubs — and nothing more.

It is evident, though, that the poets are

* It is too late in years to refute this fiction seriously. But Sir Thomas Browne's argument against its verity (after having otherwise shown its complete fallacy) is worth quoting. "Besides," says he, "(what few take notice of) men hereby do in a high measure vilify the works of God, imputing that unto the tongue of a beast which is the strangest artifice in all the acts of nature."

conscious of their want of familiarity with the wild animal. For, whether we meet it in a hot country as "the shaggy monster of the wooded wild," or see

Slow o'er the printed snows with silent walk
Huge shaggy forms across the twilight stalk,

the bear is an undefined, mysterious, and, so to speak, still unlicked monster. Not, however, without a weird majesty, as in Jean Ingelow : —

The white bears all in a dim blue world,
Mumbling their meals by twilight.

As a performer on the village green, or as a retainer of the household, "creeping close amongst the hives, to rend a honeycombe," it has a distinct individuality, but as a wild beast none. Perpetually in use as an adjunct of savage scenes, it never seems to be described from the life. It always looms out from a distance, or from gloom, and seldom comes close enough to us to be tangible or seen in detail. It is a convenient beast, but a shadowy one, and Butler (in his portrait of Potemkin) seems to me to sum up with tolerable fairness the whole of the poets' bear-lore : —

The gallant bruin march'd next him,
With visage formidably grim,
And rugged as a Saracen,
Or Turk of Mahomet's own kin,
Clad in a mantle delle guerre
Of rough impenetrable fur;
And in his nose, like Indian king,
He wore, for ornament, a ring;
About his neck a threefold gorget,
As rough as trebled leathern target;
Armed, as heralds cant, and langued,
Or, as the vulgar say, sharp-fanged;
For as the teeth in beasts of prey
Are swords, with which they fight in fray,
So swords, in men of war, are teeth
Which they do eat their vittle with.
He was by birth, some authors write,
A Russian, some a Muscovite,
And 'mong the Cossacks had been bred,
Of whom we in Diurnals read,
That serve to fill up pages here,
As with their bodies ditches there.
Scrimansky was his cousin-german,
With whom he serv'd and fed on vermine,
And when these fail'd he'd suck his claws,
And quarter himself upon his paws.
(Butler, Hudibras.)

Unlike the Puritans, who hated bear-baiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators, the poets "condemn" the pastime as cruel to Bruin.

How barbarously man abuses power!
Talk of the baiting, it will be replied

Thy welfare is thy owner's interest,
But wert thou baited it would injure thee,
Therefore thou art not baited. For seven
years—

Hear it, O heaven! and give ear, O earth!—
For seven long years this precious syllogism
Hath baffled justice and humanity.

Their sympathy is always with the bear
that has "off-shakt" the "curses," and
when the "cruell dogs" get the better of
him the poets punctually note that the
bear was chained or muzzled. They use
the simile of "ragged roaring bears rear-
ing up against the baiters" for the nobles
attacked by those of lower degree, or for
men of might beset by numbers. They
knew the spectacle —

when through the town,
With slow and solemn air, led by the nostril,
Walked the muzzled bear.

The Bankside bear-garden and Hockley
Hole were familiar names, and the danc-
ing Bruin has given at least three poets
the subject for a poem, Leyden drawing
the "moral" from the exhibition that men
learnt to dance from the bear, and might
still improve their own saltations by imi-
tating it; and Southey, with excellent
humor, using the old slave-trade argu-
ments to persuade the bear that dancing
was good for it.

We are told all things were made for man,
And I'll be sworn there's not a fellow here
Who would not swear 'twere hanging blas-
phemy

To doubt that truth. Therefore as thou wert
born,

Bruin, for man, and man makes nothing of
thee

In any other way, most logically

It follows, that thou must be born to dance,

That that great snout of thine was formed on
purpose

To hold a ring, and that thy fat was given
thee

Only to make pomatum.

To demur

Were heresy. And politicians say
(Wise men who in the scale of reason give
No foolish feelings weight) that thou art here
Far happier than thy brother bears who roam
O'er trackless snows for food; that being born
Inferior to thy leader, unto him
Rightly belongs dominion; that the compact
Was made between ye when the clumsy feet
First fell into the snare, and he gave up
His right to kill, conditioning thy life
Should henceforth be his property. Besides,
'Tis wholesome for thy morals to be brought
From savage climes into a civilized state,
Into the decencies of Christendom.

Probably, too, they were not ignorant

of that other elegant Elizabethan pastime
of "whipping blind bears."

But of the "awkward," "uncouth,"
"shuffling" beast which they are so ready
to put into their verse:—

Rough tenant of the shades, the shapeless bear,
With dangling ice all horrid stalks forlorn—
they had only the most delightful igno-
rance.

Yet, what a large place the bear has
filled in the past, and how multitudinous
and honorable are its associations! As
the God of Thunder, the Bear-king of
Storms, Bruin is perfectly majestic in
cloud-myths. The tempest demons, black-
bearded, are his children, and the thunder-
clouds, ragged and gloomy, go rolling and
roaring and foaming overboard, bears
every one of them, and close on the heels
of their prey. Turn it round to the sun-
myth, and lo! "the shining ones," the
luminous sky, the bear. In the one as-
pect horrific as the bear-fiends of Dar-
distan or the shaggy terrors, every hair of
iron, that awe the Russian peasant; in
the other, benign, "the honey-finder;" or
in Lapland, "the dog of God;" or in
Russia, "the old man with the fur cloak."
On the one hand, the cruel instrument of
the prophet at Bethel, a synonym for
lurking mischief in the classics and in
Holy Writ; on the other, the nurse of
Paris and Atalanta,* the docile disciple
of saints, the gentle animal that played at
soldiers with the children, or the other
that so prettily befriended Snow-White
and Rose-Red.

Poetry, however, so diligent sometimes
in availing itself of legend, takes no cog-
nizance of the unusual prominence of the
bear in history, heraldry, art, and folk-
lore. The story of Valentine and Orson
affords the subject of a ballad.

"But who's this hairy youth?" she said,

"He much resembles thee."

"The bear devoured my younger son,
Or sure that son were he."

* A white bear, perhaps such a one as Spenser knew
of—

I saw two beares, as white as any milke,
Lying together in a mightie cave,
Of milde aspect, and haire as soft as silke,
That salvage nature seemed not to have,
Nor after greedie spoyls of bloud to crave;
Two fairer beasts might not elsewhere be found,
Although the compact world were sought around.

But what can long abide above this ground
In state of bliss, and stedfast happiness?
The cave, in which these Beares lay sleeping sound,
Was but of earth, and with her weightinesse
Upon them fell, and did unwares oppresse,
That, for great sorrow of their sudden fate,
Henceforth all worlds felicitie I hate.

(Spenser, Ruines of Time.)

"Madam, this youth with bears was bred,
And reared within their den,
But recollect ye any mark
To know your son again?"

And the Russian and "the Persian beares," the badges of Warwick and Leicester, are referred to. But not a word for the legends of St. Ursus and St. Ursula, St. Maximin, St. Anthony, and St. Medard; not for Oursine nor the Orsinis; not for the Cities of the Bears nor the Bear Hills; nor the virgins of Artemis, the unhappy rival of Juno, mother of constellations, "Calisto's Star," and "the Burning Bear," the terror of the Tyrrhenian mariners, who had unawares given Bacchus a free passage; nor the bears of story, Gundramnus the church-builder, Restaurco the musician, Sackerston and Martin, Rollo and Marco, the ursine monsters of the Ramayana — the bear-kings, friends-in-arms of the solar hero — or all the hundred bear-myths of the world. How is it that not a hint of these distinctions in literature, and of as many more that I have omitted, do not find even a passing reference in the poets? Is it possible that, having formulated a bear of their own, "obscene" in nature and ridiculous in captivity, they avoided all appearance of countenancing the past dignities of Bruin?

Once more then, whence arose this strange antipathy to the bear? It could not have come from previous information, for all precedent honored the animal. Nor was it from any knowledge of the bear in nature. For the bear in nature — I am speaking of the species which the poets supposed themselves to be speaking of — is really almost a lovable animal. It is a vegetable and fruit-feeder, when it can get such food, and, failing its favorite viands, eats by preference insects. Its life is particularly innocent, and its manners, as a rule, are the reverse of ferocious. Having satisfied itself with berries and buds, the bear returns to its cave, and there, putting its paws into its mouth, lies humming to itself like some great baby sucking its thumb and cooing. It takes few precautions against surprise, will stay out eating wild strawberries or acorns till the sun is fairly up, and will then go into its cleft in the rock and murmur contentedly to itself, and so loudly that sportsmen are frequently guided from a distance to the spinning-wheel sound* which be-

trays the bear sucking his paws at his ease. If my subject permitted it, I should like to sketch the real character of the bear as it is at home, for there are few living things that have so much to complain of as frugivorous, harmless Bruin.

Folk-lore, as a rule, is just, and folk-lore is always kind to the bear. There are no fairy tales or legends in which the bear is a villain. He is a blundering fool in several fables, but he is never unamiable. Sir Bruin is of a common type. He has great physical strength and fidelity of character, but he is so simple that adversaries always outwit him. He is no match for foxes, any more than Sir Bors was, or Jubal or Earl Arthgal of the Table Round, or any of those heavy, slumberous giants upon whose persons small, agile, and invincibly armed heroes performed such prodigies of valor.

The bear is the sleepy summer thunder of Scandinavian myth, and the idea suits it exactly. For it is of a moody, grumbling kind, happy enough in an old country-gentleman sort of way when unmolested, but testy in the matter of strange neighbors and trespassers. It is a stubborn Conservative, a Legitimist, a protest of Routine against Reform. Daniel makes it a symbol of faithlessness; but he evidently knew more about lions than bears, or he would have known that bears are very generous, never returning to harm a fallen adversary. "Women," says Slender, "cannot abide them, they are very ill-favored, rough things;" but there is an abundant dignity about them nevertheless. They are among the seniors of the quadrupeds in nature, and in art brought no declension from eminence to such as bore them on their shields — the greatest of monarchs, of earls, and of painters.

"Well is knowne that," saith the Saxon king,
"Never was wolfe seene, many nor some,
Nor in all Kent, nor in Christendom."

But there was a time, as Keats says, "while yet our England was a wolfish den," when our ancestors called February "the month of wolves," and prayed in their litanies for defence against them; and many poets, Dryden, Somerville, Drayton, Addison amongst them, grate-

"The sucking of the paw, accompanied by a drumming noise when at rest, and especially after meals, is common to all bears, and during the heat of the day they may often be heard puffing and humming far down in caverns and fissures of rocks." The cause of this has often been speculated on, but Tickell imagines that it is merely a habit peculiar to it, and he states "that they are just as fond of sucking their neighbor's paws or the hands of any person as their own paws."

* Cuvier's bear "was particularly fond of sucking its paws, during which operation it always sent forth a uniform and constant murmur, something like the sound of a spinning-wheel."

fully allude to the purging of our isles of these destructive pests.

Cambria's proud kings (tho' with reluctance)
paid

Their tributary wolves, head after head,
The full account, till the wood yields no more,
And all the ravenous race extinct is lost.

To the poets, therefore, with their allowable extensions of horizon and chronology, the wolf was a British animal. Not in the way that the lion has become one, but on the more practical basis of previous existence in the country. So it comes, perhaps, more familiarly off their pens than other animals. Its name, moreover, has become, probably in every language under the sun, for the animal is almost universally known, a synonym for twilight ferocity, so that the poets are abundantly justified in their attitude of detestation. But it is very interesting to remark the poetical method of bringing the wolf within the sweep of poetical opprobrium.

By daylight it is the accomplice of vultures, and by night of owls, so that there is nothing too bad to say of the wolf. The fact is true enough of the animal in nature, for it is the Thug among the beasts. But the synthetical process by which the poets arrive at full compass of the wolf's iniquity is very pleasing. Tyranny and darkness are their special aversions, so the poets construct a wretch that preys by preference on the very weak and innocent and young, and then make it commit its violences by night. By this means the wolf not only alienates all the sympathies of the chivalrous and generous, but is branded as the nocturnal companion of such obscene, night-prowling things as owls and bats, night-ravens and hyenas. A dash of man-eating is then thrown in to exasperate the general sentiment of the sanctity of humanity, and to enlist against it human reverence for the dead and the beautiful maternal instinct, the beast is finally touched up with such details as the desecration of graves, corpse-eating, and baby-snatching.

It is the "night-prowling," "savage," "fierce-descending," "insatiate," "surlly," "stern," "grim," "gaunt," "wild," "shaggy," "black-jawed," "robber" wolf. Its voice is a "long" and "deep" howl, or "shrill" or "a low whine," "lugubrious dreary yell," and "death-boding."

A dreadful adjunct of all scenes of dismal horror,—"Near him the she-wolf stirred in the brake, and the copper-snake breathed in his ear." Whenever a trag-

edy is on hand, the neighboring thicket holds a wolf, or the rocky pine-glen yonder knows their lurking tread. There are few circumstances of more than ordinary wretchedness that are not accompanied by one of these animals, or a pack of them, and at night the wolf's "howls" rise almost as punctually as the moon. It may be in wild country:—

Shrill, wildly issuing from a neighboring height,
The wolf's deep howlings pierce the ear of
night;
From the dark swamp he calls his skulking
crew,
Their nightly scenes of slaughter to renew;
Their mingling yells sad savage woes express,
And echo dreary through the dark recess.

Or in civilization:—

From time to time a restless watch-dog bayed,
And a cock crew, or from the echoing hill,
The wolf's low whine, prolonged and multi-
plied,
Possessed the ear of night and over-ruled
All other sounds.

Being thus a thing of night, it becomes in poets' phrase "obscene," as in Leyden:—

Beasts obscene frequent the lonely halls,
Howling through windows waste the wolf ap-
pear'd.

Or in egregious Thomson:—

Wolves and bears and monstrous things ob-
scene.

And is punctually associated with that delightful fiction of the poets, the poetical owl. They are as thick as thieves, these two creatures, and always "on the patter" together. If you see Charley Bates coming up the street you may be sure the Dodger is in the immediate neighborhood. "The owl whoops to the wolf below;" the rascals converse in highwayman's slang. The chances are they are decoys for each other and divide the "swag" of the victims they assassinate in company. Was there ever such an abominably comic partnership in crime—owls and wolves! And just as owls, after taking all the lower degrees of criminality, become in poetry "shrikes" (which are of a very venomous sort), so wolves graduate into "were-wolves" or "war-wolves." Their hairs are then used like owls' feathers by witches to mix with "madd dogges foames and adders ears." They haunt Coleridge's woods with vampyres and other monstrosities, and their voices are alike "death-boding."

That wolves—"assiduous in the shep-

herds' harms" — prey on flocks is in itself quite sufficient to turn all good poets against them. Does not the vulture suffer miserably in poetry from being accused of "pouncing" doves? And are not doves and lambs equally engaging; and is not, therefore, the wolf as detestable as the vulture, with which indeed (when it is seen abroad in daylight) it is nearly always to be found in company? So the poets have little sympathy for "the grim wolf that with privy paw daily devours apace," even when it is most hungry. Hunger, indeed, would hardly seem to be allowable at all in wolves. It is an aggravation of the offence instead of a palliation. If they would consent to eat strawberries they might fare no worse than the bears, but, as it is, that they should deliberately go forth and satisfy their detestable cravings with mutton (and now and then with the mutton-herd himself) enrages the ordinary poet. Nor, when this infamous appetite for butchers' meat is indulged by a meal of lamb, are even the better poets able to control their generous indignation: —

The gaunt wolf crouches to spring out on the
lamb,
And if hunger be on him, he spares not the
dam.

Worse than this is Colin's complaint: —

They often devoured their owne sheepe,
And often the shepherds that did hem keepe;
This was the first source of shepherd's sorrow.

The last line is a delightful one.

Savage, Akenside, Rogers, and others extend their tenderness from the lamb to its cousin the kid, but there is always, curiously enough, a reservation of sympathy from the fact that the kid was "straying." The lamb, on the other hand, is generally where it should be, "bleating" near its "fleece dam;" and the unprincipled conduct of the wolf takes therefore a deeper dye from the outrage on the ewe's feelings which accompanies that on the lamb's, while if the victim be carried out of a sheepfold there is the crime of house-breaking superadded.

But sometimes it arrives that the shepherds get the better of the wolf, as in Chatterton's "Battle of Hastings": —

As when the shipster in his shadie bower
Hears doublyng echoe wind the wolfin's rore,
That neare hys flocke is watchynge for a
praie,

With trustie talbots to the battel flies,
And yell of men and dogs and wolfin's tear the
skies.

Or in "The Wanderer": —

When lo! an ambush'd wolf, with hunger bold,
Springs at the prey and fierce invades the fold,
But by the pastor not in vain defy'd,
Like our arch-foe by some celestial guide.

Or in Cowley: —

Such rage inflames the wolf's wild heart and
eyes
(Robbed, as he thinks, unjustly of his prize),
Whom unawares the shepherd spies and draws
The bleating lamb from out his ravenous jaws.

In metaphor this salvation of the lamb (and its attendant parents) is a very frequent figure, showing very pleasantly the general tendency of the poets to rejoice with the virtuous and innocent over their escape from consumption, and with the loyal custodian of another's property over his triumph against the wicked-minded vagabond.

But the wolf's name would not have been terrible in legends had it merely plundered the sheepfold. It is its crimes against mankind that have made it so gruesome a beast in folk-lore and so perilous in nature; and the poets do not fail to take note of the solitary pilgrims, mountaineers, goatherds, and travellers that the wolves make their prey, nor of the horrid duties they share with birds of carrion on deserted fields of battle; nor yet of greater crimes than all these — the murder of infants in their mothers' arms, and their violation of graves. In the following truly Thomsonian passage the poet catalogues the animal's iniquities: —

Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave!
Burning for blood! bony, and gaunt, and grim,
Assembling wolves in raging troops descend;
And, pouring o'er the country, bear along,
Keen as the north wind sweeps the glossy
snow.

All is their prize. They fasten on the steed,
Press him to earth, and pierce his mighty
heart.

Nor can the bull his awful front defend,
Of shake the murdering savages away.
Rapacious at the mother's throat they fly,
And tear the screaming infant from her breast.
The godlike face of man avails him nought.
Even beauty, force divine! at whose bright
glance

The generous lion stands in softened gaze,
Here bleeds, a hapless undistinguish'd prey.
But if, apprized of the severe attack,
The country be shut up, lured by the scent,
On churchyards drear (inhuman to relate!)
The disappointed prowlers fall, and dig
The shrouded body from the grave; o'er which,
Mix'd with foul shades, and frightened ghosts,
they howl.

Each enormity in Thomson's catalogue

finds abundant individual condemnation in the poets. Thus Leyden:—

The prowling wolves that round the hamlet
swarm

Tear the young babe from the frail mother's
arms;

Full gorged, the monster, in the desert bred,
Howls, long and dreary, o'er the unburied
dead.

Chaucer's wolf, "with eyen red and of a man he ete;" Dodd's gaunt wolf that "blood-happy, growling feeds on the quivering heart" of the belated Switzer;* Mackay's score of wolves "rushing like ghouls on a corse new-dead;" and Webster's

But keep the wolf far hence, that's foe to men,
For with his nails he'll dig them up again.

How this ghoul attribute of the wolf gained currency it is not easy to guess, for no work of natural history charges the wolf with doing that for which it is by nature unfitted to accomplish. A wolf might of course scratch up a corpse that was only lightly covered with soil, but it has not got the claws necessary for rifling any decent grave.

The climax of horror is of course reached when the wolf is a baby-eater:—

Vexed by the darkness, from the piny gulf,
Ascending nearer, howls the famished wolf,
While through the stillness scatters wild dismay,

Her babe's small cry that leads him to his prey,

But surely Thomson as unjustly aggravates the wolf's obliquities when he makes it loitering on seashores, "there awaiting wrecks," as Spenser, when he makes the wolves (sacred to Artemis) "seek to devour" the nymphs of Dian.

But inasmuch as the poets sometimes need to use the wolf, their symbol of ruthless cruelty, as comparing favorably with men whom they consider worse than wolves, they have to absolve the animal from its supreme crime of cannibalism in order to have the one extra point in infamy to reproach human beings with. So men are wolves and "cannibals" in addition, though it is a fact that of all animals in the world the wolf is itself the most egregious cannibal. Most wild beasts will eat their own species on occasion, but the wolf habitually does so. No other explanation of this, of course, is needed than the hunger of the hour aggravating a natural bloodthirstiness; but if it were,

* The mountaineer, naturally, is more often the prey of poets' wolves than other classes of solitary-lived men, shepherds alone excepted.

it would doubtless be found in the instinct that tells these brutes that they, of all wild beasts, cannot afford to have lagging comrades, and that it is better therefore for the commonwealth to eat them up as soon as they are crippled. In the same way savages massacre their prisoners (and sometimes eat them), for they cannot afford to drag about with them in time of war a burden of wounded and useless.

While, on the one hand, therefore, the wolf escapes a reproach that he is fairly liable to, man, on the other, is labelled by the unjust comparison:—

Who ever saw the wolves that he can say,
Like more inhuman us, so bent on prey,
To rob their fellow wolves upon the way.

The fiercest creatures we in nature find
Respect their figure still in the same kind;
To others rough, to these they gentle be,
And live from noise, from feuds, from factions
free.

And again:—

But man, the wildest beast of prey,
Wears friendship's semblance to betray.

Not that I would be thought to defend our kind from these charges, for they are only too well founded. I only complain of the wolf not being fished with the same net and served with the same sauce.

But the chief feature of the wolf-symbol appears to me neglected—namely, the altogether disproportionate accession of horror that surrounds wolves when in a pack, as compared with the solitary animal. Alone, the wolf is a highwayman, an individual bandit; in company they are furies. A little dog, a little child, a faggot of wood,* a fluttering rag, will suffice to keep off a single wolf; but a squadron of cavalry will hardly stop the rush of a pack. The hunter hears a solitary howl and looks to his rifle; but the wind brings down to him a chorus of voices, and he thinks only of escape. Men ride down single wolves in the snow and kill them with whips; but the hunters become the hunted when a dozen wolves sweep down from the rocks.

To its craftiness the poets bear ready witness, but not probably since Hobbinole discoursed with Diggon Davie on the Kentish downs has wolfish cunning received such amazing and delicious testimony. Diggon tells his companion how "a wicked wolfe, that with many a lambe had gutted his gulfe," taught itself how to bark ("learned a curre's call"), and

* Wolf-scaring faggot. — Campbell.

then, dressing up in the fleece of one of its victims ("his counterfeit cote"), allowed itself to be penned up with the flock in the fold at night; and how at midnight it would begin to howl, at which Roffin the shepherd would send out his big dog Lowder to scour the country; and how, while Lowder was away scouring the country, the wolf would "catchen his pray, a lambe, or a kid, or a weanall wast,* and with that to the wood would speede him fast." But this was not the worst:—

For it was a perilous beast above all,
And eke had he cond the shepheard's call,
And oft in the night came to the sheep-cote
And called Lowder, with a hollow throte,
As if the olde man selfe had beene;
The dogge his maister's voice did it weene,
Yet halt in doubt he opened the dore
And ranne out as he was wont of yore.
No sooner was out, but swifter than thought,
Fast by the hyde the wolfe Lowder caught
And, had not Koffy renne to the steven,†
Lowder had been slaine thilke same even.

In metaphor the wolf does not fail to meet with its deserts. Rapine, lust, cruelty, treachery are all wolves. Crime (in Mackay) has a "wolfish grin;" Plague (in Shelley) is "a winged wolf;" pride and avarice (in Cowper) "make man a wolf;" bigotry (in Watts) is "half a murdering wolf;" and again, in Shelley—

Wolfish Change, like winter, howls to strip
The foliage in which Fame, the eagle, built
Her eerie, while Dominion whelped below.

Dryden calls the Presbyterians, and Milton the Papists, wolves:—

Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves whose gospel is their maw.

Pomfret bewoofs the soldiers of Kirke, Southey those who fought against Joan of Arc, Byron the enemies of Greece, and Gay the Irish.

The Assyrian was not more fierce in his attack upon doomed Jerusalem, Orcas not more fearful, "his wolfish mountains rounding," Satan leaping into Eden, "lighting on his feet," not more bold-stealthy, than the wolf that "leaps with ease into the fold." Even Rome's founder, so bitter is the poets' hostility to "the howling nurse of plundering Romulus," is followed into after-life by reflections upon his wet nurse.

PHIL ROBINSON.

From The Nineteenth Century.

CHRISTIAN AGNOSTICISM.

THE title at the head of this article may appear to some a contradiction in terms. But it is not really so. And no religious man need shrink from saying: "I am a Christian Agnostic. I hold firmly by the doctrine of St. Paul, who exclaims, in sheer despair of fathoming the unfathomable, 'O the depth of God! How unsearchable are his judgments, and inscrutable his ways!'" I say, with Job and all the great prophets of the Old Testament, 'Canst thou by searching find out God?' And I bow to the authority of Christ, who tells me 'No man hath seen God at any time;' 'God is a spirit;' 'Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed.' And in so holding, I am in full accord with the Church. I say with her, 'We know thee now by faith;' 'The Father is incomprehensible (*inmensus*);' 'There is but one God, eternal, incorporeal, indivisible, beyond reach of suffering, infinite'—in short, a profound and inscrutable being. Nor do I find that Catholic theology, for eighteen hundred years, has ever swerved from a clear and outspoken confession of this Agnosticism. So early as the second century we read in Justin Martyr, 'Can a man know God, as he knows arithmetic or astronomy? Assuredly not.* Irenæus, in the same century, repeatedly speaks of God as 'indefinable, incomprehensible, invisible.† That bold thinker in the third century, Clement of Alexandria, declares (with Mr. Spencer) that the process of theology is, with regard to its doctrine of God, negative and agnostic, always 'setting forth what God is not, rather than what he is.‡ All the great Fathers of the fourth century echo the same statement. St. Augustine is strong on the point. John of Damascus, the greatest theologian of the East, says bluntly, 'It is impossible for the lower nature to know the higher.§ Indeed, it would be a mere waste of time to adduce any more of the great Catholic theologians by name. They are all 'agnostics' to a man. And M. Emile Burnouf is quite right when he says: 'Les docteurs chrétiens sont unanimes à déclarer que leur dieu est caché et incompréhensible, qu'il est plein de mystères, qu'il est l'objet de la foi et non pas de la raison.'"

* Trypho, § 3.

† iv. 34, 5, etc.

‡ Strom. v. 11.

§ De fide, l. 12.

|| Science des Religions, p. 15.

* A weaned youngling.

† Noise.

Thus there is nothing new under the sun, not even in the highest flights of modern philosophy; and no man, with all the Fathers of the Church at his back, need hesitate to say, "I am a Christian Agnostic." Yet all who concur in this will, I am sure, warmly welcome a powerful auxiliary like Mr. Herbert Spencer, if only he remain true to the principles so lucidly set forth in the last number of this review. For although he might not himself care to qualify his philosophy by the adjective "Christian," fearing thereby to limit—as a philosopher is bound not to do—his perfect freedom of speculation, still his guidance is none the less valuable to those who are approaching the same subject from a different side. The Christian, indeed, is, of all men, the most absolutely bound-over to be truthful. When, therefore, any great leader of thought arises, whether in the higher or the lower departments of human inquiry, the liegeman of a "God of truth" must needs feel such reverence as Dante expressed for Aristotle, "the great master of them that know;" and will borrow from the other twin luminary of the mediæval Church, St. Augustine, that most apt of all mottoes for a really "Catholic" philosopher: "The Christian claims as his Master's own possession every broken fragment of truth, wherever it may be found." In the firm conviction, then, that in Mr. Spencer's works much truth—not in detached fragments merely, but in large coherent masses—is to be found, the present writer hopes to show how little there is to repudiate, how much to accept and to be sincerely grateful for, in his masterly speculations.

1. First of all, Mr. Spencer led us in his interesting article last month to take a retrospective view of religion, in its origin and history. Naturally, he does not approach the question in the old-fashioned way. His purpose is not dogmatic, but analytic. That lovely *Hagada*, therefore, or religious story whereby, for babes and philosophers alike, the wonderful genius which constructed the Jewish Scriptures has projected, once for all, upon a plane surface (as it were) a picture of the origin of all things—this our man of science properly passes by; and he proceeds to inquire *how* precisely the beginnings of things, and especially of religion, may be conceived. And since, in these days, we have all of us "evolution" upon the brain, it was not to be expected that any other line of thought should be attempted. Indeed, it may be fairly conceded that, amid

our modern scientific environment, no other method of inquiry is just at present possible. We belong to our own age. And while other ages have taken grand truths *en bloc* and have deftly hammered them out into finer shapes for practical use, the special delight and the crowning glory of our own age consist rather in a power of tracking things backward. Hence a hundred books of (so called) "origins" issue annually from the press. Of course, no origin is ever really described; simply because there is no such thing in nature as "an origin." If there were, at that point all hunt upon the traces of evolution would abruptly come to an end; whereas, by the usual scientific hypothesis, evolution knows neither beginning nor end. By "origins," therefore, can only be meant arbitrary points a little way back, marked (as children or jockeys set up a starting-post) for commencing the inquiry. Indeed, it is very easy to imagine some imperturbable savage—say, a Zulu of Natal or an English schoolboy—asking the most reprehensible questions as to what happened before the "origin" began. Such a critic would be sure to express a languid wonder, for instance, as to *how* the primeval star-mist got there; or he would casually inquire *whence* the antediluvian thunder-bolt, which introduced vegetable life upon this globe, procured its vegetation; or he would ask *why* Mr. Spencer's aboriginal divine, roused from his post-prandial nightmare, should have selected a "ghost," out of the confused kaleidoscope of his dreams, as the recipient of divine honors. Nay, as was long ago suggested by a much more serious thinker in reply to a similar theory: "To stop there is to see but the surface of things; for it still remains to ask how mankind have effected this transformation of a metaphor (or a dream) into a god, and what mysterious force has pushed them into making the transition. . . . In order to change any sensuous impression into a god, there must have previously existed the idea of a god."* Yes; clearly the latent idea must have been, in some way, already ingrained in human nature, so that it only needed (as Plato would say) an awakening from its hybernation; else why should human dreams produce a "religion" and bestial dreams produce none? The question, therefore, is not fully answered by Mr. Spencer's entertaining speculation, any more than the miracle (as Dr. Büchner all but calls it) of

* Burnouf, p. 29.

"hereditary gout" is explained by the jubilant pean of the materialist, "Give me but matter and force, and all obscurities instantly vanish away!"* For no reasonable man, who accepts the modern doctrine of the eternity and identity of energy, can entertain a doubt that religion — the most powerful human stimulant we know of — must have pre-existed somehow in the bosom of the unknown, though it only revealed itself at a certain fitting stage in the development of the world. And when we have reached this confession, have we not simply found our way back to that general truth which the Church has couched in every sort of parable and symbol, viz. that (the "how" and the "when" being left for history to unravel) religious ideas, especially in their most fruitful and catholic form, are a gift, an unfolding, a revelation from the bosom of the unknown God?

2. There are, however, far more serious and more practical subjects for reflection suggested by Mr. Spencer's paper, than any which relate to the *past*. Let bygones be bygones! Our contemporaries are an impatient generation, and are very apt to consign to their mental waste-paper basket anything which they are pleased to condemn as "ancient history." What, then, has Mr. Spencer to tell us about the *present* state of religion? and what hopes does he unfold to us as we gaze, under his direction, into the *future*?

It is truly disappointing to be obliged to say of so devoted a student and so patient a thinker, (1) that he has failed to work his subject out, and (2) that he has fallen into a passion.† It would be well worth while to make these two not unfriendly charges, if only they should succeed in inducing this able writer to give to the world some further product of his thinking on the strangely fascinating subject of religion. For the truth is that, when Mr. Bradlaugh and others proclaim "I know not what you mean by God; I am without idea of God,"‡ they almost put themselves out of court at once by parading their inherent defect of sympathy with ordinary mental conditions. And when in higher social grades, Dr. Congreve and the Positivists openly "substitute Humanity for God,"§ and refuse the transforming adoration of the heart to any conception which is not level to the bare positive understanding, they

also — with all their eloquence and persuasive amiability — "charm" their contemporaries utterly in vain. As modern England will never again become Papal and mediæval, so (it may be safely predicted) modern England will never become atheist or Positivist. Our countrymen are in too healthy and vigorous a mental condition to impale themselves on either horn of this uncongenial dilemma. But they may, and it is to be hoped they will, surrender themselves to the far higher and more scientific teaching of men like Mr. Spencer; and will learn from them to think out to just and practical conclusions the deeply interesting — and to some minds the quite absorbing — question of religion.

But then — with all respect be it said — Mr. Spencer must really help us to think further on than he has yet done; or he will find the Christian clergy (whom he is under temptation to despise) will be beforehand with him. He has most ably "purified" for us our idea of God; he has pruned away all kinds of anthropomorphic accretions; he has dressed up and ridiculed afresh the Guy Fawkes crudities of bygone times, which he apparently "sees no reason should ever be forgot;" he has reminded the country parsons of a good many scientific facts, which they read, it is true, in every book and review from Monday till Saturday and then so provokingly forget on Sundays; and he has schooled them into the reflection that a power present in innumerable worlds hardly needs our flattery, or indeed any kind of service from us at all. But then all this is abundantly done already by the steady reading, from every lectern throughout the land, of those grand old prophets and apostles of the higher religious thought, who perpetually harp upon this same string. "God," they reiterate, "is not a man," that he should lie or repent: "Bring no more vain oblations:" "The sacrifices of God are a troubled spirit:" "Thou thoughtest wickedly that I am such a one as thyself:" "God dwelleth not in temples made with hands, neither is worshipped with men's hands, as though he needed anything." Nay, the present writer — who probably sits under a great many more sermons in the course of the year than Mr. Spencer does — is firmly persuaded that every curate in the Church of England, and every Non-conformist minister, are perfectly aware of these great truths and on suitable occasions preach them; and that what they want to be taught is something beyond

* Büchner, *Vie et lumière* (French trans.), p. 315.

† *First Principles*, p. 115.

‡ *Plea for Atheism*, p. 4.

§ *Positivist Prayer-book*.

all this ABC and all this negation — viz. what are the fundamental conceptions on which they may securely build up, not their philosophical *negations*, but their popular *assertions* about religion. For a religion of mere negations is as good as no religion at all. It seems hardly worth while to go down Sunday after Sunday to St. George's Hall, or to any other hall, simply to be told that heaven has nothing whatever to say to us. We cannot believe that we are physically so well cared for as we are — naturally selected, evolved, provided with every possible adaptation to our material environment, and given the prize at last as "the fittest of all possible beings to survive" — and then are left utterly in the lurch as regards all our higher wants. No, our instinct revolts against such a supposition; and we crave to know on what grounds something can be *said*, as well as on what grounds almost everything can be *denied*.

3. Now, Mr. Spencer could help us in this quest, if he would. His analysis, in "First Principles," of our religious conceptions shows what he could do. He there — while carefully warning us that all our knowledge is merely relative, and that our reasoning faculties do not present to us truth as it is, but only as it is reflected on the mirror of our mind — places nevertheless such confidence in those faculties that he allows them, in Buddhist fashion, to strip away feature after feature, as it were, from our religious conception of God, and to reduce it to a grim skeleton labelled "Everlasting Force." But why "Force" only? To begin with, surely this also is a "conception." It is engendered by a multitude of observations blending into a higher unity and taking at last a definite shape. And the only sanction it has to rest upon is, not (*ex hypothesi*) any certainty or absolute truth in human logic, but simply an ineradicable faith that, to us at any rate, the notions of "permanence" and "force" sufficiently *represent*, though they may not actually be, the truth. We seem, then, already to have made the grand transition from reasoning to conceiving, from destruction to construction, from restless analysis to quiet synthesis, and from logic to belief that the great unknown is, in one word, power — "an infinite and eternal energy."

4. But just as we draw from the stores of our own consciousness this idea of "power," of force, of muscular or mental energy, precisely in the same way we are justified in drawing the idea of "pur-

pose" in the direction of that energy. In fact, we cannot anyhow conceive of force without "direction" of some kind; and our instincts imperatively demand of us, when we think of force in the highest and sublimest way we can, that we impregnate that idea with another product of our plastic imagination, and conceive it as efficiently directed to some worthy end — in short, as power and wisdom combined. This may be, and undoubtedly is, quite as human and relative and provisional a conception as that of a pure blind unguided force would be. But while the mind shrinks with unmitigated horror from the notion of "an infinite and eternal energy," loose as it were in the universe, without any rational purpose or aim, but wielding portentous cosmic forces at haphazard, as a madman or a rogue-elephant might do, the mind rests and is satisfied when it can once feel assured that all is guided and has perfect efficiency for (what we can only call) some worthy "design." The word is, of course, utterly inadequate when things of such a scale are in question. But can Mr. Spencer or any one else deny that, whatever sanction the human and relative conception of "power" draws from the inner certainties of our own sensations, that same, or a still higher, sanction can also be claimed for the conception of an infinite and eternal "wisdom"? And if so, it appears that if the Agnostic lines which had reached the one conception were prolonged a little further, they would also reach the other; and that so the magnificent idea would be recovered for mankind of an intelligent being, with whom our infinitesimal yet kindred minds can enter into relations, and the wonder of whose works we can — as surely men of science above all others do — appreciate and assimilate as a kind of nutriment to ourselves.

5. But even then the imperative instinct which demanded the integration of nature's observed forces into a conception of infinite power, and which was irresistibly borne on to add wisdom also to that power — even then it is not pacified. It clamors for one more quality; and then it will be still. Relative, human, provisional — call it what you will — nevertheless this third and complementary conception will no more take a denial, will no more obey a frown and waive its right to rush into the inevitable combination, than matter will politely waive its chemical affinities. As the human mind is stupefied with terror at the bare idea of swift and gigantic energy abroad in the universe

without purpose or intelligence (as we inadequately say) to guide it, so assuredly the human heart stands still in palsied horror at the frightful thought of "an infinite and eternal force," guided indeed by an infinite cunning, but checked by no sort of goodness, mercy, or love. In short, no authority on earth—not even that of all the philosophers and scientists and theologians that have ever lived—could impose upon any man, who thought Mr. Herbert Spencer's "First Principles" out to their ultimate conclusion, the portentous belief in an eternal, almighty, and omniscient devil. And therefore to add *goodness* to the other two factors of *power* and *wisdom*, which we are compelled by the constitution of our nature to attribute to the Great Unknown, is pardonable because inevitable. But if so, it seems that Agnosticism—if allowed to develop freely on its own lines, without artificial hindrance—must needs become a "Christian Agnosticism." And it only remains to ask, why in the world should not such an Agnostic "go to Church," fall in with the religious symbolism in ordinary use, and contribute his moral aid to those who have taken service under the Christian name on purpose to purify gross and carnal eyes, till they become aware of the Great Unknown behind the veil, and so come to relatively know what absolutely passes knowledge?

6. There is only one obstacle in the way; and that is of so unworthy a character, that it passes comprehension how men of cultivation can allow it a moment's influence upon their conduct. The objection referred to has never been more clearly expressed than by one whom we all delight to honor and to listen to, Professor Tyndall. He wrote as follows in the pages of this review a few years ago (November, 1878): "It is against the mythologic *scenery*, if I may use the term, rather than against the life and substance of religion, that science enters her protest." But how, in the name of common sense and charity, is religion—that special provision for bringing strength to the feeble-minded, elevation to the lowly, and wisdom to the ignorant—to be brought home to all mankind, without the use of even coarse symbolism, which is as "relative" to the masses for whom it is intended as scientific conceptions are to philosophers? In both cases the realities behind are most imperfectly represented; and a higher intelligence, if it were not loving as well as intelligent, would certainly display impatience with

Professor Tyndall's own kindly effort a few pages further on, where he says: "How are we to *figure* this molecular motion? Suppose the leaves to be shaken from a birch-tree; and, to *fix the idea*, suppose each leaf to repel and attract," and so on. Is it not clear that the professor is here doing the very same thing, in order to bring science home (all honor to him!) to the unlearned, which he refuses to the ministers of religion when they try to bring home the Gospel to the poor? How can such subtle ideas, such far-reaching thoughts, as those of theology be brought home to the mass of mankind without the boldest use of symbol and of figured speech? How can that most precious result of Christianity, a unity of general conceptions about mankind and about the Great Unknown, be secured without a symbolism of the very broadest and most striking kind? Panoramas cannot be painted with stippling brushes. Nor, indeed, does any sort of painter aim to compete with the bald truthfulness of photography. He does not imitate: he merely hints. He throws out things *φανῆντα συνεταῖον*. He summons the imagination of the spectators themselves to his aid and awakens their finer susceptibilities. And by this means a "picture," which is in itself the most unreal of all unrealities, becomes in skilful hands a fruitful reality for good, perhaps to a hundred generations.

If, then, any scientific man does not for himself need rituals and symbols, still let him remember how invaluable an aid these things are to the mass of mankind. Let him reflect how the purest and loftiest ideas of the Eternal lie enshrined within every form of Christian adoration, and how the most touching memories speak in every Christian sacrament. Is it nothing, too, to be brought in contact with the boundless gentleness and tolerance of Christ; to hear such words as "He that is able to receive it, let him receive it," and "He that is not against us is on our side"? Is it nothing to feel the sympathy of such a devoted benefactor of Europe as St. Paul, and to accept his judgment that "he who regardeth the day, regardeth it unto the Lord; and he that regardeth not the day, to the Lord he doth not regard it"? Nay, is it nothing to bow the knee in acknowledged brotherhood beside the simple and the lowly; to submit to learn from them, as we all learn from our children in the nursery; and to feel ourselves, in spite of our divergent views and notions, in the atti-

tude of common adoration before the Great Unknown? Better this, surely, by far than to cover with philosophic scorn ministrants whose days are given to soothing every form of human distress, amid whose simplest teaching can always be detected in undertone the deep thoughts of Hebrew prophets and apostles, and to despise whom is to crown once more, with paper or with thorns, the meek head of Christ.

H. G. CURTEIS.

From St. James's Gazette.

TROPICAL FRUITS.

IT is the fashion to speak of our English hot-house fruit as superior to any tropical product. This delusion is kept up by travellers, who come back with reports of what they have tasted in foreign lands — fruits from the casual wayside hawker, or the bumboat-woman at a seaport, or snatched untimely from the forest. These foster the prevailing opinion that all "the ambrosial fruit of vegetable gold," all the gorgeous produce of the gardens of the sun, is for flavor and wholesomeness surpassed by the British strawberry. Everything worth cultivating is supposed to be already subject to the dominion of the Scotch gardener, who, if he cannot grow it, condemns it as undeserving of growth. We may count on the fingers of one hand the exotic fruits which have been added to our scanty island resources since Charles II.'s gardener, Rose, presented his frolick Majesty with the first pineapple produced in England. That was indeed a noble conquest for English horticulture; but what have we had since to boast of? Two or three species of *Musa*, an equal number of *Passiflora*, with a mangy mango or two all rind and stone, may be said to be the sum of our achievements. The melon, which is perhaps our greatest triumph of forcing, is not properly a tropical fruit, but a native of temperate Asia; it was known to the Greeks and Romans, and has been artificially cultivated from time immemorial. Of late years the English public have become more familiar with the taste of foreign fruit, owing to improved means of communication with hot countries. Pineapples are brought from the West Indies which vie in size and quality with the produce of our hot-houses. Bananas, imported from Madeira and Teneriffe, are becoming almost as common as oranges. Mangoes, custard-apples, avocado pears, shaddockes, "for-

bidden fruit," li-tchis (in a more or less dry state), appear in the fruiterers' windows. These are still, however, curiosities, which serve only, when tasted, to confirm the popular superstition which holds that there is no fruit equal to what is grown in English gardens and hot-houses.

Those who have lived in tropical countries know how unfounded is this idea. It is true, no doubt, that a very large proportion of tropical fruits are bad; but to say this is only to say that those who live in countries where the earth and the sun do much, choose to do nothing. Fruits in the tropics are produced in such profusion that the motive to cultivate them is absent. They are not a luxury but a necessity in hot climates, and the question is not so much of quality as of quantity. They grow, and are not grown, in forests rather than in orchards. Except where Europeans have acclimatized themselves, scarcely any trouble is taken in the matter of selection, and even the commonest processes of scientific horticulture, by which the best kinds are perpetuated in the best form and to the most profitable end, are unknown or neglected. The vast majority of tropical fruit-trees are left to train themselves, and can, indeed, only be described as forest trees which have survived because of their accidental property of fruit-bearing. Under these conditions we should naturally expect to find many bad fruits in the tropics — fruits which are either insipid to our taste or positively nauseous from too strong a flavor. We must remember that to those who chiefly use them they are not only dessert, but dinner.

But that there are good fruits in the tropics — fruits equal if not superior in flavor to the best of those artificially grown in English hot-houses — no expert can deny. First of these is the mango: of which it may be said that, according to the variety, it is either the best or the worst thing that a man can eat — either ambrosia or "tow and turpentine." It is found in highest perfection in India, and in India in the districts immediately south of Bombay. Many other provinces boast of their mangoes; but the mango *par excellence* is that of Mazagong. The variety is, however, infinite; and they are of all sizes, from the largest Jersey pear to the smallest pippin, and of all colors. The Mazagong mango should be long, green, slightly reniform, with a fine skin, a small stone, and no stringiness or turpentine. The test of a good mango is that it may

be eaten with a spoon; though it is not with spoons, except by spoons, that it is eaten. It is a fruit for the closet, not for the dinner-table; it is never wise to eat it with propriety. Old Indians seek the repose of their bath-rooms when engaged on mangoes of which not the least valuable quality is that you cannot eat too many of them. As for describing the flavor, it is impossible. The best proof of its surpassing lusciousness is that nothing can be eaten after it. The most exquisite peach, the most savory pineapple, would be as insipid after a mango as a *poulet à la Marengo* after a Madras curry. This precious fruit is borne on a tree which is one of the hardiest and most prolific of all tropical trees — not less beautiful for its shape and color, especially in the time of blossom, than valuable for its produce. It has been introduced into the New World from the Old, and grows abundantly all over the West Indies, and central and northern South America; but except in Martinique and in Jamaica, where some attention has been paid to the selection of good varieties, it is comparatively of inferior quality in the West.

The mangosteen, by some epicures esteemed equal to the mango, is a fruit of a much more limited sphere; its true home being the Malayan peninsula. It has a flavor perhaps more delicate and refined than that of its rival, but it is certainly not so luscious. Another famous fruit of this part of the world is the durian, which nature seems to have composed in a kind of perverse frenzy. Over it and in it is a perpetual struggle of odors and of flavors, the nastiest and the most exquisite. What the imagination is required to conceive is something which is neither sweet nor acid nor juicy, but a mixture of many diverse things — such as custard flavored with almonds, rotten onions, sherry, and very ripe Stilton — with, over all, a sense as though a civet in high condition had rolled in it, leaving what Mr. Wallace calls “a rich, glutinous smoothness such as nothing else possesses.” He who has the courage to brave the smell and to eat is lost. After that he is enchanted, like those who tasted of Lotos. The “voices of his fellows are thin” if they call to him to give up durian. Durian he must eat, even though of durian he smells, as long as that entrancing, contradictory, and incomprehensible fruit is in season. To eat durian is a new sensation, such as might kindle even an appetite blunted on Galle prawn curries.

Of other fruits of this clime is the

banana, which no one can be said to have eaten in perfection who has not eaten it in Malacca. There are some fifty varieties of this fruit in the Straits, ranging from the huge plantain (which is more vegetable than fruit) to the tiny “lady’s finger,” and in color from purple, through every shade of yellow, to green. The most esteemed variety is one unknown to the West, called *Raja Pisang* — King Banana — which is green outside and rich gold within. This is as superior to the mawkish, soapy article dispensed at the English fruiterer’s as a Jersey *navet* is to a Swedish turnip. It may be doubted whether there is any vegetable product so valuable to man, or one that gives so large a return for the labor expended upon it. Another fruit which is grown in perhaps its highest excellence in the Malayan archipelago is the pineapple; of which, however, we need not speak, except to demur to the opinion which holds that the hot-house pine is superior to all other pines. That a well-grown English pine is better than the great majority of pines produced in the tropics is true; but that pines may be and are grown, with common care, in the tropics, of a richer flavor than any which are the product of artificial heat, is equally certain. Brazil is said to be the native country of the pineapple.

Of the less distinguished tropical fruits there are an infinite number, of which it would serve no useful purpose to mention any more than those which, either as additions to our too scanty dessert-tables or for their interest and beauty, deserve to be better known to English horticulturists. Among the fruits of tropical America which seem still to prefer their home to any land of adoption is the famous cherimoyer of Peru (probably identical with the Indian custard-apple), which the creoles maintain to be the finest fruit in the world. Though scarcely deserving of that elevated character, the custard-apple, with its near relations the sour-sop and the sweet-sop, has much to recommend it to a catholic palate. More disappointing is the sapodilla, of which natives talk so much in Central America and in the West Indies. A far superior American fruit is the granadilla, the produce of *Passiflora quadrangularis*, which, with its beautiful leafage and graceful form of growth, might be better known than it is in English hot-houses. There are other species of the passion-flower which yield a pleasant and grateful fruit: such as *P. edulis*, the so-called passion-fruit, which grows to great perfection in our colony of Queens-

land; *P. maliformis*, the "sweet calabash;" and *P. laurifolia*, the "water-lemon" of the West Indies. Of the great orange family there are several tropical varieties — not to speak of the tropical orange itself, which is wholly distinct from its temperate congener, being twice or thrice as large and more juicy, with a thick green rind full of an acrid essence. This is not to be confounded with the "forbidden fruit" or "grape-fruit" of the West Indies, or with the Indian "pummelow" or shaddock; either of which is worthy of esteem if properly grown on a suitable soil. Among the fruits of southern China are the li-tchi, the longan, and the wampee; the last a species of miniature orange; the first, among the most beautiful of ornaments for a dessert, with its brilliant crimson clusters of Broddingnagian grapes. There is no reason why all these should not be grown — if not for the table, at least as curious and decorative novelties — in English hot-houses. And the reason, we apprehend, why English gardeners have no better success with tropical fruits is because they insist upon treating them all alike, as though "the tropics" were one country with one set of climatic conditions. Why should not the artificial treatment be based on some kind of analogy to the natural life of the plant? The mango, for instance, will bear a low temperature, even below fifty degrees, during its period of repose, and loves a dry rather than a damp heat when fruiting. To treat it like a pineapple, which demands a continuous high and humid temperature, is absurd. In most cases our exotics are killed by over-kindness. We give them too much heat, and make too little account of their natural powers of variation and adaptation. In any case, of course, the sun must beat the stove and the hot-water pipe; but there is no reason why, with intelligent cultivation based upon exact knowledge, we should not greatly extend the cultivation of tropical fruits in English hot-houses.

From The Spectator.

GALES AND HURRICANES.

WE wish some great meteorologist would tell the world, with a certain precision and in figures which cannot be colored for effect, what the difference of force between a gale like that of Saturday-Sunday and an average tropical hurricane really is. The facts must be well known

to him, and they are exceedingly obscure to the public, which either neglects or exaggerates all tropical phenomena. No man who has resided in the tropics for any time ever faces a gale in England or France without a feeling that, disastrous as the latter may be, and terrifying as it sometimes is, it is nothing when compared with even an ordinary hurricane in the tropics. There is an intensity of will in the latter, an impression of conscious malignity wholly wanting in the former. A gale cannot rouse your temper as a typhoon will. When, however, he expresses this opinion in public, as he invariably does, and is challenged about it by neighbors, who are vexed by his assumption of special and superior experience, he is often perplexed to give evidence of his thesis, and usually ends by some anecdote of an isolated or exceptional occurrence, which his neighbors believe to be a gross exaggeration, or even a pure invention. How, indeed, is the poor traveller to prove his case? The broad facts revealed under cross-examination do not seem to establish his theory, and the special facts which would establish it are either disbelieved, or if the evidence is too strong — as, for instance, the evidence for the awful weight of a storm-wave is — are set down as being somehow beside the question. The facts that a storm-wave in Europe seldom does more than destroy a jetty, and that a storm-wave on the night of October 31st, 1876, did in the Bay of Bengal sweep a large county, and destroy nearly half a million of human beings, are not fairly contrasted, but the tropical disaster is set down almost entirely to differences in the lie of the soil. Asked if the hurricane sweeps away brick houses, the traveller is obliged to say no, the patent fact being that cities in Asia, if built of stone or brick, stand through ages of tempest, just as they do here. European houses are no more blown down in Calcutta, or Madras, or Hong Kong, than they are blown down in London or Dover; while native structures, all prominences, pillars, open halls, and projecting roofs, live on as if architects never heard of wind. A meteorologist would say that a Burmese pagoda was often built purposely to catch wind, but the hurricanes of a century sweep over it, and the temple stands, and the priests regard its strength as quite sufficient. Thousands of temples in Bengal have projecting eaves, which a cyclone ought to lift into the air, but does not. If the storms are so awful, why does not

Calcutta, which is all of brick, and not much better built to resist wind than a London suburb, perish once a year? If the traveller says all roofs are made flat, lest the wind should tear them off, he is told that this is for another reason, to allow of a secluded yet airy promenade; and, indeed, the statement is not worth much, for buildings without flat roofs stand the gales very well. If he says the wind can blow shutters inwards, he is told that the hinges must be bad; and if he points to the trees levelled by the storm, he is requested to go into Windsor Great Park just after a gale, and asked if a jungle or forest is ever cleared totally away. It never is, and therein lies one more perplexity. Why, under the worst tropical hurricane, does so much survive? Bengal proper, for instance, is swept every two or three years by a true cyclone, before which, as it seems to those who see it, nothing can live, which strikes paths through the forest as broad and visible as if a steam-roller driven by supernatural force had passed crashing along, and which blows men and cattle off their feet as if they were chips. Yet Bengal in the same districts is one hardly broken mass of orchards or fruit jungles, and they are rarely hurt, so rarely that fruit-culture goes on from decade to decade as a safe and profitable industry. In 1850, the writer saw a mighty cedar bodily lifted into the air, and next day examined a section of the broken trunk, in which all fibres had been twisted, yet a fruit orchard thirty yards off almost entirely escaped. How could that fact, which is not only past denial, but past discussion, be true, if the cyclones of Bengal were so dreadful as they are described to be?

Some part of the difference in the impression created by gales and hurricanes is due, no doubt, to terror. An English gale does not frighten men unless, as sometimes happens, it rocks an upper story till the beds shake, as a tropical hurricane does. It is not, to begin with, accompanied by so much electrical disturbance. In a cyclone in Bengal, the rush of the wind is accompanied by what seem, and usually are, discharges of thunder-bolts, visible balls of fire, rushing downward with a sharp, cracking roar—very unlike, we may remark in passing, the roar of artillery, to which it is compared, resembling rather the clang of iron upon iron, or the *breaking* of something in the heavens—which strike the buildings, often fatally, within sight. The chance of the bolt, which is by no means

a remote one, does not soothe the nerves; and if the discharges have continued, as often happens, for five or six hours, the watcher, perhaps with a shivering household round him, is in no condition to observe scientifically, or, indeed, to do anything except wait with a certain doggedness, and that rising of the temper which a true hurricane often provokes.

The noise is so exasperating, and the wind does seem so devilish in its malice. It does not blow and then leave off, leave off and then blow again, as it does here; but keeps on blowing with a steady, persistent, maddening rush, which is more like the sway of the tide against you when you are half-drowned, than the action of anything which in Europe we call wind. We suppose the rush is not quite continuous, for the distinct and shattering blows on the walls which seem to accompany it must really be part of it, and indicate gusts; but there never is a moment while the hurricane lasts when the opening of a shutter or a door would not be followed by the entrance of what seems not wind, but an invisible battering-ram. The writer once saw a shutter incautiously loosened while a hurricane was high, and pressing outside like a hydraulic press. In an instant, not only were the shutters blown in and himself flung down as by a heavy weight, but the open door of a large wardrobe standing against the wall was blown off its hinges as if struck by a machine. It had not six inches to recede, and the hinges must have been literally crushed out. The struggle with the continuous impact of a blind force of this kind, pressing inwards for hours, is very terrifying, for no experience will make you believe in the resisting power of the walls. It seems as if they must come down, and if they do, you may be dead in five seconds, or worse still, stand suddenly alone in the world. The imprisonment, too, is nearly perfect. A hurricane will last sometimes twenty hours, and during that time there is no five minutes during which you can walk ten yards. If you face the wind, it strangles you, literally and actually rendering respiration impossible; and as you turn round, you are thrown sharply down. There is nothing for it but crawling, and that is difficult, for whatever the scientific explanation may be, it is quite certain that the vertical edge of a tropical hurricane comes, in its full strength, much lower down, nearer the earth, than that of an English gale. All the while, moreover, we repeat for the third time—for after all, it is in this that the special hor-

ror of a hurricane consists — the watcher retains, ever rising higher and more resistless, that notion of the deliberate malice of the elements, of being attacked by them, of suffering from the spite and anger of some sentient will, which is at once hostile and perverse. You are fighting, while it lasts, not enduring. This is not the impression of an imaginative or over-sensitive man. It is strongly felt by children, who sometimes grow ill with the fatigue of a storm which has not touched their bodies, but has roused all their energies in "resistance" of hours; while among adults it is nearly universal and so strong, that very good men indeed have been known to lose control of themselves, and break into wrathful cursing at the wind, which, nevertheless, was still outside. The terror a hurricane creates will not, however, wholly account for the universal impression of observers that the force of a tropical hurricane, as compared with a European gale, is scientifically underrated. There is a force in the former beyond the apparent difference in pace, a driving strength, persistent and pro-

longed, which we have never seen thoroughly accounted for. Can the mass of the rushing air be perceptibly weightier, though the pace is not much more rapid, or are its blows directed through a different medium? A bullet will not strike hard through a very fleet sheet of water. Just before a cyclone, that marvellous clearness of the tropical atmosphere which always so develops eyesight, enabling the short-sighted to see, and making all edges so painfully distinct, is highly exaggerated, till it seems as if a veil were lifted, and you could see to double or treble the usual range. Is not the air so clarified positively thinner than in the north, till the mass of air invading it rushes on with less resistance, and therefore with a heavier impact? Or is that a hopelessly unscientific description of what is, nevertheless, the special fact, which, to the experienced, is the most peremptory warning to clear decks and close port-holes for what will be a sharp action, lasting through the night? When in the tropics you can see twice as far as you ought, run to the barometer.

THE LEGENDS OF KING ARTHUR. — In the year 1147, Geoffrey of Monmouth produced his "History of British Kings." Geoffrey was a Welsh monk who was made Bishop of St. Asaph not long before his death in 1154. His history contained more fable than chronicle. By "British" kings he meant kings of Britain before the coming of the English. Of English kings there were trustworthy chronicles; Geoffrey provided a chronicle of British kings, not meant to be particularly trustworthy, but distinctly meant to be amusing. It was partly founded on Breton traditions, and it obtained a wide attention. It was the source of a new stream of poetry in English literature, and it is this book that brought King Arthur among us as our national hero. Geoffrey's history does not itself belong to the subject of this volume. The old romances of King Arthur are not religious. They are picturesque stories of love and war, and of each in rude animal form. But the way in which the legends of this mythical hero have been dealt with in our country furnishes one of the most marked illustrations of the religious tendency of English thought. For while amongst Latin nations the Charlemagne romances have given rise to fictions which, however delightful,

express only play of the imagination, the romances of which Arthur is the hero have been used by the English people in successive stages of their civilization for expression of their highest sense of spiritual life. In the very first years of the revived fame of Arthur, when Geoffrey of Monmouth's "History of British Kings" was being fashioned into French verse for courtly English readers by Gaimar and Wace, and into English verse by Layamon, the change was made by Walter Map that put a Christian soul into the flesh of the Arthurian romances. This he did by joining a separate legend of Joseph of Arimathea to the stories of King Arthur, and setting in the midst of their ideals of a life according to the flesh the quest for the Holy Graal. The Holy Graal was the dish used by our Lord at the Last Supper, into which also his wounds were washed after he had been taken from the cross, a sacred dish visible only to the pure. It could be used, therefore, as a type of the secret things of God. Walter Map, who thus dealt with the King Arthur legends, was a chaplain of the court of King Henry II. He was born about the year 1143, and called the Welsh his countrymen, England "our mother."

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